THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DE VOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. B. BONNER, [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 27, 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NO. 19.

MY LOST SON.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

My child! my dear lost child! a father's heart,
Touched by the holy wand of memory,
Would, in the hour of loneliness and gloom,
When not a sound be borne upon the air,
And not a star is visible in heaven,
Hold sweet communion with thy soul.

How well
Do I remember that all sorrowful day,
When the young mother bore thy wasting form,
All trembling heart and streaming eyes, she
Who, with a love that knew no boundary, lit up
Thy whole life hearth's of her own warm heart.
With one wild pressure of thy little form
To my sad bosom, with a fearful kiss
Upon thy pallid lips, and a hot hair
Wrung from a burning brain, I said farewell—
Alas! my child, I never saw thee more.

A strange void, far from thy own dear home,
But with the holy memories of love
Around thy couch, thy little being passed,
Like the sweet perfume of a bright young rose,
To mingle with the skies from whence it came.
Oh, in that hour, my child, thy last of earth,
Did not a thought of thy poor father's love
Soften the anguish of thy parting soul,
And were not thy dear little arms outstretched
To meet his fond caress?

Thus eloquent, child,
Where the Missouri rolls its wild dark wave,
Where the red Indian roams in his fierce joy,
In tone of deep affection ever blend
With the soft dove and gentle rules that fill
Upon the heart that has shown thy breast
But, oh! the spot is hallowed. There the spring,
The bright spring, yearly knows her loveliest wreath
Of buds and blossoms—there, at morn and eve,
The viewless spirit of the mighty breathes
Its holiest whispers in the springing grass,
As if communing with thee—there the birds
Glance through the air like winged souls, and pour
Their sweet, unutterably endless—and there,
At the soft twilight hour young angels come
To know of thy first sorrows in heaven,
And leave their glowing footprints on the sod.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SUTHERLANDS," "KINSMEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"How are you, Miss Rosa, on this cold?"

"Quite comfortable, thank you, Mr. Rymer."

Harold's first introduction to his cousin Augustus took place at a formal dinner party, given by Sir Jasper, for the express purpose of presenting him to the rest of his family connections, which were exceedingly numerous, as well as a wide circle of his own personal friends—that is to say, the "cousin's friends," for Lady Mansell had her set apart—from which all city acquaintances, including many of her own and husband's relations, were carefully excluded—causing no slight amount of heartburning and soreness of spirit.

Stringent as was the rule, her ladyship deemed it prudent to relax it in favor of her uncle—a retired druggist—who, although the owner of Bompton Park and half-a-dozen estates besides, continued to reside at his former house in business in Cannon-street, to the intense disgust of his niece and her fashionable daughter. Many and useless were the attempts they had made to induce him to remove to a more fashionable residence—he was not to be persuaded—the place agreed with him—he liked it, and cared but little whether they did or not.

So obstinate was the old man upon the point, that Lady Mansell frequently endured her genteel friends as Mr. Innay, of Bompton Park, he invariably added, and of Cannon-street, in parenthesis, and greater cause of offense was his persistence in calling her Betsy.

Fortunately for Miss Mansell, she had been christened Georgiana, which her wealthy relative could only shorten to Georgy.

In person, the retired druggist was tall, thin, and not without a certain gentlemanly appearance. He dressed well, but with studied plainness. Had he been old and poor, a charitable observer might the prospect of inheriting his millions would have rendered his society endurable to his fashionable relations.

Harold did not feel quite pleased with the critical air with which the old man eyed him on their introduction, which he acknowledged coldly though politely.

"Ah," muttered Mr. Zachariah Innay to himself, "he has not heard yet how rich I am"—a proof that the speaker was either very simple or exceedingly purse-proud.

At dinner our hero found himself placed between two female cousins, whose husbands, Mossieurs Ray and Rhimer, were heads of a large firm in the timber trade. Although sisters, a marked contrast existed between the ladies. The elder, a tall, fine woman, appeared decidedly timid—blushed and hesitated when she replied to him; her principal occupation at table was to watch the words and glances of her lord and master—a sprightly-looking little man, who spoke in a loud, dictatorial tone, and kept constantly making observations, which no one but his wife attended to.

Mrs. Ray, on the contrary, was a lively, blooming, fair-like creature, who received the devoted attentions of her husband with careless, good-humored indifference—entered at once into conversation with her new-found relative, whom she embarrassed more than once by the frankness with which she expressed her opinions of those around her.

"What do you think of us?" she asked; "curious set—but I forgot you have not had much time to judge—you are observing, yet you shall tell me by-and-by. Aunt Mansell is very magnificent, as is her eldest daughter, Georgiana—June is not pretty."

"She is something better than pretty," interrupted our hero; "she is good! I shall not forget the kind manner in which she received me."

"Now I like that," exclaimed the little woman, warmly, "June is good, and goodness is better than beauty! and I think I shall like you. You must come and see me, cousin, when you have nothing better to do; my parties are not so fine as Lady Mansell's, but far more pleasant; no ceremony with me, is there, Leo?"

This was addressed to her sister.

"Not much," replied the latter.

"You are exceedingly kind," said Harold, "and——"

"Not in the least," interrupted Mr. Ray, "I never ask people out of compliment, do I, Leo?"

"I should hope not, Annie."

Here Mr. Rhimer gave a short, dry cough.

"Well, there, yes!" continued his sister-in-law, laughingly. "I confess you are an exception, I plead guilty to insincerity when I invite you. You can conceive what a jealous monster he is!" she added, pretending to whisper, "he would not believe his wife loved him if she did not watch his looks and words like a Spanish——"

"Oh, Annie! Annie!" ejaculated Mr. Rhimer.

"Fact, isn't it, George?"

Her husband smiled, and showed his exceedingly white teeth.

"Was to that amiable looking woman seated next to Mr. Zachariah Innay?" inquired Harold, addressing his fair companion generally.

"What! haven't you been introduced to Aunt Grey?" exclaimed the lively cousin; "she belongs to us, that is your mother's side of the family, but is four old creature! Everyone loves her. Lady Mansell has shown a fine taste for contrasts in giving her an invitation."

"Contrasts!" repeated her hearer, mechanically.

"Crab-apple and peach," said Mrs. Ray, lowering her tone.

A little pretty thirty years ago must have been a fearful love to a young fellow fresh from the country. First, he had to make terms with the mistress of the house, next, with every lady to whom he had been introduced, to say nothing of challenges from the gentlemen, and the usual amount of small talk with the younger ladies near him.

In the last respect Harold was fortunately situated, in being seated between his cousins. Mrs. Rhimer scarcely spoke, and her sister took the trouble of conversing off his hands.

"Don't say you have ever been over wise," whispered Mrs. Ray, as Lady Mansell rose majestically from the table, and bowed her head in farewell to the female guests. "Mind, only four glasses, Georgy," she added, as she holding up her finger to her husband.

"I wish to heaven it was every thought our hero, as he closed the drawing-room door, after the departure of the ladies.

Four fellow, he had a still more disagreeable ordeal to go through—a trial from which the young men of the present day are seemingly entirely—thanked and hesitated when she replied to him; her principal occupation at table was to watch the words and glances of her lord and master—a sprightly-looking little man, who spoke in a loud, dictatorial tone, and kept constantly making observations, which no one but his wife attended to.

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A DEAD HIT.

Then the pause in the conversation—the waiting for the victim to get upon his legs, the nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth, supposed to be a smile; the patronizing air with which everyone regarded him—"Hem, —hem, ahah,—to every person there, hem, hem," at every breakdown, and the dreadful tapping on the table, in the midst of which the speaker sat down, deeply impressed with the conviction that he had made an ass of himself.

The young men of the present day cannot feel too grateful for their escape from the mental tortures their fathers endured.

All eyes were fixed upon Sir Jasper Mansell as he arose from his chair, after requesting his guests to fill their glasses; his son Augustus yawned.

"Gentlemen," said the baronet, "in a family re-union I need not apologize for asking you to drink the health I am about to propose."

"Hear! hear!"

"Providence is very merciful, and dispenses many blessings; as one is to be broken another is cemented. I have this day introduced to you the son of my dear and deeply-lamented brother, who is about to enter on a course of usefulness and honor—a course in which his talents, high sense of honor and integrity will, I doubt not, ultimately insure success. The name of Mansell is not without its prestige in the commercial world."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed two not very wealthy relatives, at the bottom of the table.

"He will, no doubt, do credit to that name," continued the banker, "and sustain it when I am gone. My son"—here the speaker glanced at the countenance of his fair-haired nephew, being over the sideboard—"as you are aware, has adopted the army as a profession, by desire of his illustrious godfather. Do I regret his choice, gentlemen?"

There was a pause. No one thought fit to say "Hear! hear!" till they heard whether Sir Jasper did or did not regret it, when the cheering commenced.

"No, I do not regret it, since it affords me an opportunity of proving my affection for my nephew.

"I beg leave to propose the health of Mr. Harold Mansell."

"Now for a speech," said Augustus, in a whisper, quite loud enough to be heard at his end of the table.

Our hero, in all probability, would have felt much more embarrassed, had not a feeling something akin to scorn at the speaker's hypocrisy sustained him. The allusion to the dear and deeply-lamented brother, whom he had suffered to linger out a life of poverty, as the unexpired course of his disease, disgusted him.

"Gentlemen," he said, in the few brief words of his reply, "I thank my uncle for the good opinion he has expressed of me. Years must elapse before I can prove whether I deserve it. The path his kindness has opened to me requires, I am aware, strict integrity; that I know I possess—for the rest, I trust time will prove that the talents he gives me credit for may not be misplaced."

There was but little applause when Harold ceased to speak. He had expressed himself sensibly; it would have been overwhelming; but it was not even the fashion of being ridiculous. Sir Jasper felt and looked disappointed; not a word of his bounty and benevolence, was introduced into the reply.

It was scarcely worth while to provide for a nephew and meet so little gratitude.

To add to his annoyance, the old druggist asked Harold to take wine with him.

"Beautiful," whispered Mrs. Ray, when her cousin joined the ladies in the drawing-room. "How I should like to have heard your speech! George told me all about it."

To his surprise, Mr. Rhimer shook him warmly by the hand, and gave him his card.

"What think you of my nephew?" inquired Lady Mansell, as her wealthy uncle took his seat upon the sofa beside her.

"Umph! not a bit like Augustus—a puppy."

The reply was rather an equivocal one, inasmuch as it did not appear quite certain to which of the young men the disparaging word "puppy" was intended to apply. Her ladyship, however, smiled graciously; measured blandness did not permit her to entertain any doubt upon that point.

"The young man evidently labors under the delusion that he is handsome," observed Georgiana, who felt piqued at the cold but patent politeness with which her cousin treated her.

"Handsome, my love?" repeated her mother; "absurd!"

"Jane thinks so," observed the spoiled beauty, sarcastically.

"I never said so," replied her sister, blushing deeply at the accusation, "but I believe him to be good and kind—better qualities in a man than beauty."

"So they are," said Zachariah Innay, pinching her cheek good-humoredly; "but few girls have the sense to think so—one reason," he added, "why I have remained a bachelor all my life."

"That could not have been the cause," exclaimed his niece.

"Uncle must have been very handsome in his younger days," observed her eldest daughter, in an audible whisper.

"What do you think?" demanded the retired druggist, turning brusquely to Jane.

"I am not a very good judge," replied the latter, timidly, "but I should not think you bad looking handsome."

"Rather plain, eh?"

"No, indeed."

"Very plain, perhaps?"

"Very plain," repeated the younger sister; "almost as plain as I am myself," she added, with a faint smile.

"Plain as I!" mentally ejaculated Georgiana.

"That girl has no soul," thought her mother.

Instead of appearing offended at the frankness of his grandniece, Zachariah Innay gave one of his quiet chuckles, the nearest approach to a laugh he ever indulged in. Lady Mansell, however, was far from feeling assured as to his real opinion, and as she dropped a curtsey, she never understood uncle Zac's chuckle.

Now for a couple of their own parties, neither the hostess nor her fashionable daughter made the slightest effort to amuse their guests. The bachelorship had given them a disdain, displayed by clumsiness and boredom, what more could they expect? Sir Jasper ventured to hint something about music, but her ladyship frowned him down, Georgiana never condescended to sing or play except to her own exclusive set.

"Music!" repeated Mrs. Ray, who overheard the baronet's request, "certainly! I will give you a quadrille."

Seating herself at the piano, she spirited into existence played one of Beethoven's sonatas with a brilliancy of touch and expression but rarely heard even in society in 1860, and not frequently in professional circles.

Uncle Zac was in raptures, the old dragoons had a passionate love for music.

"Do you sing?" whispered the lady to Harold.

"A little."

"Well enough to try this duet with me?" she added, turning over the leaves of one of Bishop's most popular compositions then just out. "We must not let these very grand people inspire," she added, softly, as each smile, "that we are quite Goths and Vandals."

"I will try," said our hero, modestly; "I do not suppose very difficult. If I break down, the failure will be mine."

There was not much fear; music had been the solace of his late father's life; and he had imparted the taste to his boy, who for years had led the village choir in the dear old church at Lowshires.

The duet proved a decided success. Even the magnificent Georgiana condescended to express her approbation.

"How magnificently Harold sings!" observed Jane, with her usual truthful frankness.

"Vox et præterea nihil," said her brother, with a sneer.

"I don't understand Latin, Augustus," replied his younger sister, meekly.

"I should say not—few girls do."

"What does it mean, uncle?"

This was addressed to the old druggist, who still retained his seat on the sofa, by the mistress of the mansion.

"That monkeys are no judges of music," answered Zac, without moving a muscle of his countenance.

The gentlemen of the royal personage, whose portrait hung over the sideboard in the dining-room, colored with rage, but made no reply—he knew how rich the speaker was.

"Georgiana, my love," said her ladyship, who saw that something was wrong, "can you not try a duet with your cousin?"

"Oh, pray do!" exclaimed Indif-doren voices round her.

"You know, mamma, I never sing English music," observed the beauty; "it deteriorates the taste."

"Italian, then," urged Mrs. Ray.

"Does Mr. Harold Mansell sing Italian?" demanded the accomplished young lady, languidly.

"He sings it finely," said the former, "that I can answer for; and, I presume, can sing it."

"Indeed!"

"With an accent," added the little woman, laughingly; "like most persons who have never resided in Italy."

"Have you resided there?" inquired Georgiana.

"Yes, years, with my dear father," replied Mrs. Ray. "He was consul there."

Our hero made no objection when Lady Mansell condescendingly informed him that her daughter would try an Italian duet with him, but his young lady-cousin looked displeased. His cousin proved herself a brilliant musician; her vocalization was perfect—in this she surprised—the charm, the spell, of music—the grace which, like a sunbeam resting on a cloud, softens each outline and illumes the whole.

"He can sing, mamma," whispered Georgiana, as she resumed her seat beside her on the sofa, when she abandoned for the rest of the evening, listening dreamily to the compliments poured upon her style by the gentlemen who formed a circle round them. They told her she was beautiful—she wondered whether her rustic cousin thought so? and when we took his leave, followed the example of her sister in giving him her hand.

"We are not a very demonstrative family," she observed, with a slight smile, as it slightly. Perhaps she felt something like regret at her former coldness, when she saw the affectionate warmth with which he took leave of Jane.

"You must invite him to our party," she whispered to her mother.

"Indeed!" said the latter.

"But he sings so well."

Lady Mansell shook her head.

"And after all, he is our cousin."

"And your father's only child," replied the worldly woman.

"Uncle!" repeated Georgiana, to herself. "What have I been dreaming of? Clerk! Maumm in right—quite right. It would never do to introduce a clerk in our set. How the Herberts and Fitzgeralds would stare!"

"A very young gentleman," observed the druggist, as our hero was taking leave of the Rays and Rhimers in the hall, "where do you reside?"

"In Islington, sir."

"I go part of your way—set you down, if you like. Have you half-a-crown, at least?"

"Thank you, sir."

"But what?" demanded the old man, suspiciously.

"I prefer walking," answered Harold, coolly, with a recollection of Jehu's fare, amounting to the tune, "and saving my half-crown that way."

"Very well, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Innay."

"Oh, good night," muttered Old Zac, as he stepped into the hackney-coach that had been waiting for him more than an hour at the door, for he kept no carriage of his own, and obstinately refused the use of his nephew's. "The puppy," he muttered to himself, as the lumbering vehicle started from the door, "has at once not know how rich I am."

He was mistaken. Harold was perfectly aware of the fact from Sir Jasper Mansell, and the knowledge of it made him more independent.

He was not ashamed of his poverty.

Islington in 1860 was but slightly resemblance to the Islington of the present day. Parks and terrace had not yet done their worst; something of the old rural character which once distinguished Charing Cross and May Fair remained. Shortly after the period of our sketch, the former became fashionable, and there a field intervened, then a few straggling houses, and the road.

The heart of our hero beat with excitement somewhat akin to anxiety, as he approached a long, low, rustic-looking building which stood a short distance from the main road, at the end of an extensive garden, and he found his eyes eagerly wandering in search of the lower rooms of one in which lights were burning.

Before he could reach the house, the door opened, and two persons ran up the path to meet him. A third remained upon the threshold.

"Here we are, Harold!" exclaimed the young ones, simultaneously, as they shook hands and congratulated each other.

Farmer Mayfield, who had not made up his mind to a visit to London without even inquiring, no longer regretted of his journey when he witnessed their meeting.

"That Master Harold be a gentleman born, and he love Tom like a brother, that be certain," said the old farmer to himself; "and he be our thy on it," he added, with paternal pride. "But I mun's been him here for all that. What would misses say?"

This speech sounded very like that of a man trying to give himself courage to refuse something which he knew would be asked.

"I received your message before quitting

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Lowestaire," exclaimed our hero, grasping the hand of his friend. "I knew you would not fail me."

"I should think not," replied Tom, "but we had hard play for it, hadn't we?"

Harry laughed outright at the recollection.

"Play for it!" repeated his cousin.

The young fusiler described the adventure at Alkus, the escape from the coach, pursuit, and the cricket-ball.

"You should have seen it," said the runaway, imitating the action of delivering a cricket-ball, "so beautifully delivered, and heard Joe Anvil's laugh; it rang like his own hammer, clearly and sacredly over the hillside."

Harold smiled. It explained why Captain Biddle had looked so villainous when he saw him in the city.

CHAPTER VI.

The watch that heareneal fortune sends.
The eye that looks to dials or to stars;
The sage and all experience in the arts;
And yet no speed nor help for hours and days
Can lengthen our poor measure by a span,
Or stop the shadow moving on the dial,
Or lead the laggard step of time a pace.
Henry.

Mr. Zachariah Imray, as we observed in the preceding chapter, had never consented to change his abode on retiring from trade. With equal pertinacity he had refused to make the slightest alteration in his premises. The old house in Cannon street remained in exactly the same condition as when he inherited it from his father—the double counting-house and private office upon the ground floor, with underground kitchens and scullery, dingy drawing-room above, surmounted by three bedrooms, and lodging for the servants.

Not a door or table had been changed; a fashionably portraits and a set of Hogarth's printes—Marriage-à-la-Mode—adorned the walls of the drawing-room, which was the most extensive apartment in the house, and was only used on state occasions.

When we say that no change had been made, we are speaking, as Shakspeare says, by the card, as a addition had been made to the remainder to be passed over.

In the back drawing-room stood a large cabinet, studded by iron cramps against the wall. Judging from appearances, it was very strongly made, its corners cased with iron, and neatly let into the doors, which opened from top to bottom, like a pair of folding doors.

Neither housekeeper, cook, nor man-servant, although they had lived all their days of liberty in their master's service, had ever seen the contents of these doors. Perhaps the cabinet was empty; in handling the carpet she had stood, the handle of the broom against it from his illness at the very least, and it invariably somewhat of interest. Mrs. Dripping pronounced it to be full of money—a suggestion that never failed to provoke a grim upon the dry, parchment face of Jarvis the butler, steward, footman, valet, and factotum of the retired capitalist.

It was mid-day, and the sun poured with a sickly, hot sort of light through the panes of the dows, into the room where Mr. Zachariah Imray was reading, the morning papers, when a brisk ringing was heard at the door.

"Who can this be?" exclaimed the master of the house, irritably, for he never liked to be upon his nerves.

"Can't be the post," replied the domestic, who was clearing away the remains of a late breakfast.

"Not the boy for the papers," he added, drawing a heavy silver watch from his fob; "he does not come till one."

The ringing was repeated.

"Seems in a hurry," said Mr. Jarvis.

"Where is Mrs. Barton?" demanded Zachariah.

"At market."

"Cook, then?"

"Cook never answers the door," observed the old man, in the tone of a philosopher, adding, "I'll see who it is myself."

Having carefully arranged everything upon the tray, and brushed the crumbs deliberately from the table-cover, he slowly quitted the room. The bell rang a third time; still Mr. Jarvis did not think proper to hurry himself—in fact, he never hurried himself, except when waiting on his master, not excepting even his master.

In a few minutes the door of the drawing-room opened again, to usher in Harold Mansell. Somebody may like a smile, a wheel one, and the thin lips of the old bachelor as he recognised him.

"He has heard how rich I am," mentally circumlocuted Zachariah Imray.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" he added aloud.

"Had you called in intrusion, sir, I suspect it would have been scarce your pleasure to be applied our here, humiliated as the tone, and still more the smile, of the speaker.

"Perhaps so, young gentleman."

"I came at the request of Sir Jasper," added Harold, "very much against my own judgment, and still more strongly against my inclination, to visit you. To visit it was a bound to respect due to you. In visit I represented to him that there was no relationship between us; that, like most rich men, you were suspicious of the motives of every being who approached you; that you judged mankind with a distorted judgment. My uncle insisted upon my visit; it was weak on my part to yield—better have offended him than compromised my principles by complying it. Accept my apologies, I shall never intrude again."

Before the speaker could reach the door, Mr. Zachariah Imray jumped from his chair, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"You never can intrude," he exclaimed; "spoken like a man! Just what I like! haven't heard so much for these twenty years! You are precious. I do judge mankind with a distorted judgment.

"But it was not always so."

There was something in the tone in which the last words were pronounced that surprised his visitor more even than the sudden change in his manner and reception of him, and he regarded him unreadily.

"What are you thinking of, Harold?" Allow me to call you by your name. Speak freely with me. I have lived so long in an atmosphere of lies, deceit, and affectation, that there is something inexpressibly fresh in the sound of truth."

"I was wondering whether you were serious, or assuming yourself with my inexperience; that is all, sir."

"I am not surprised at it," murmured the old man, coolly; "no doubt you have found me strangely spoken of."

"By Sir Jasper and his family with the utmost respect; I might say veneration," observed Harold.

"No doubt," muttered Zachariah Imray, bitterly. "I am rich," he would have added, but the presence of the youth, with his open, manly countenance, beaming with truthfulness and confidence in human nature, restrained him.

"By all," added our hero, "as a man of unblemished integrity, but of singular dispositions. If I have offended you, remember you provoked it."

"You have not offended me."

"If I have pained you, I regret it."

"You have pained me," said the old man; "but I thank you for it. It has done me good. I rarely give way to feelings of any kind, especially humanizing ones. On one point, at least, I am sincere—whenever you have an idle hour upon your hands, it will afford me pleasure to see you. And now," continued Mr. Imray, resuming his usual suffocated tone and manner, "let us speak of yourself. Have you any book you will like a city life?"

"I was scarcely aware an opinion you," replied his visitor; "everything is so new to me. It was my dear father's cherished wish to enter the office of Sir Jasper. Had my choice been left undistrued, I think I should have preferred a more active career."

"The army, Sir Jasper?"

"Yes, sir; or have gone to sea with poor Harry."

Despite the effort to suppress it, something very like a sweet flitted across the features of the retired merchant at the mention of his cousin. Harold noticed it, and determined to probe lower still further; he resolved, if possible, whether his feelings against the unoffending young youth were those of a mind, or of Sir Jasper Mansell.

"Perhaps you were not aware," he added, speaking aloud, "that we were brought up together?"

"Yes."

"And love each other like brothers?"

"That I was not aware of," replied Zachariah, coolly.

"I wish you had seen him," continued the youth; "I am sure you would like him. You have forgot my own who loved him. But I am reminded that you have not seen him," he added, rising to depart.

"I will see him at your stay," observed the farmer; "call when you will, I shall be happy to receive you. Stop! I have a book I will lend you on your return. Do as truthful as you please, but speak of me as favorably as you can."

"Sir!"

"It is not a lesson in deceit I am giving you," exclaimed the eccentric master of the house, in tone of guidance, of the world, which was very bright and sunshiny just now, and full of friends.

"Let the sun go down," he added, "and you will find nobody cleaves the shadows—the friends I seem—disperse."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," repeated the old bachelor. "Don't forget to come and see me."

"I will remember," replied Harold, poor Harry," thought Harold Mansell, as he quitted the dingy old house; "and could you have been the motive?

"In Mr. Imray's case, it can't be money—they say he is worth millions.

As the speaker mentally pursued his way, thinking of these things, the dreadful regarded him with the most singular expression of countenance.

"A fine-hearted lad," he muttered, "if Jasper does not succeed in spoiling him. I don't like imagines the pain he caused me. Ought I was he aware of it was not with the intent? Did not speech a well-aimed lie? did his father——

"No, no," he continued, answering himself; "I will rest this habit of suspecting all that seems good and noble from my heart. It has deprived me of true enjoyment already."

He little knew how many.

Mr. Imray was perfectly right in supposing Sir Jasper Mansell would question his nephew concerning his visit to the merchant. At the most minute in his inquiries; in fact, so much so, that the youth felt that he was on the rack, relating impressions as well as conversation.

"Why, you seem quite at home with Imray, on call?" exclaimed the banker, rubbing his hands.

"Indeed, uncle, but I did, when I found his manner of receiving me so different from that I feared to think I came to court him for his favor."

"He has that thought, unfortunately, with every one but myself and family," observed the baronet.

His hearer could scarcely suppress a smile.

"He knows we are not interested in what is better, that we do not grant his money."

"And did you tell him why you objected to call upon him?"

"I do."

"And what did the old—the old gentleman say?"

"He looked very angry, so I rose to depart."

"Never!" repeated Sir Jasper, "never! that the fool has spoilt his chance of a legacy, if he ever had one. Why, you are mad, Harold, to do that!"

By this mental calculation, our readers will perceive that the baronet's affection for his dear nephew was only coincidence with his fear of incurred.

"There is nothing like being broken in hearers in time," he observed; "sit down, Harold, and make up your mind to be reasonable."

Our hero placed himself at the desk opposite his uncle, and commenced his first experience in banking business.

In all probability, he would have acquitted himself much better had he not caught sight of old Mark Chambers seated in the little courtyard, his eyes fixed upon the window with a dreamy expression. The head of Medusa could scarcely have produced a more petrifying expression—it completely fascinated him.

"Are your thoughts wool-gathering, Harold?" demanded the banker, harshly.

The young man pulled with his pen to the subject of his exercising.

He rose from his chair, and, without uttering a word, pulled down the blind.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SUPERSTITIOUS OR GREAT MEN.—Most great men have been superstitious. Socrates, when writing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Dr. Mead, was related, Dr. Franklin remarked: "I was convinced something unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead: so it turns out. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a cross he had looked out of the water."

THE SAFEGUARD.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

That offices of disinterested kindness do not go unrequited, even when bestowed upon an enemy, is happily illustrated in the following real incident, which was related to me by my friend, Surgeon S——, of one of the Kentucky regiments, in our memorable campaign in Mexico.

"I was remember," he commenced, "that since our little army entered the quiet possession of the city of Monterey, we surgeons had our hands full for a few weeks, in attendance upon the wounded of our brave fellows.

"Among the number of us found opportunities occasionally to leave our crowded hospitals, to render professional service to the many wounded Mexican officers and soldiers we found scattered about the streets, and afraid to trust themselves to the protection of the 'Northern Barbarians,' after the withdrawal of Ampudia's rabble army.

"One morning, I think it was the third after our entrance, and while yet the streets and alleys were strange to me, I had taken a route from my quarters, near the 'plaza grande,' to the hospital, where I had that forenoon several operations to perform. I was on the same route time I wandered through the streets without object, and came to a church which was situated the old church, which we had appropriated for our use. As I passed, I heard a groan so great before the portico of a brother surgeon I especial attention to the case. Finding the sufferer seriously along, deeply occupied in examining his novel office, I called assistance, and bore him up the sides of the narrow streets. The portico was crowded with the dying, the dead, and their huge windows, protected only from the weather by a thin piece of muslin, and with the rain open just exterior, were so unlike any thing I had seen in the city, that I found myself standing in the quiet street, and gazing at the building with unusual interest.

"From one of these wrapt inquisitive I was attracted by a Mexican woman, who was clenched 'bonne dieu'—and a little girl attempting to get out of the entrances of a large dwelling opposite, in order that she might come to accompany her to the house.

"I, with my wounded friend, and on passing the door court, which is found in all better class Mexican houses, I saw a beautiful fountain, surrounded gallery to an lower room, where stretched on the floor were numerous wounded Mexicans. That he was wounded was very evident, from a bandage which was around his head, and under my surgeon can readily detect.

"I, with my wounded friend, the wounded man reached forth his hand, and in a feeble voice exclaimed, 'Americano, por Dios!' 'Yes, Americano!' said he, 'you are a medical officer of the American army.'

"I am, I replied, as I pressed the hand of the wounded man, and I am ready and willing to render you my professional service, should you require it.

"Thank you, Señor Surgeon,' answered the wounded man, 'I am not wounded on account you were in the street I am the child to you.'

"You are wounded? I asked.

"Señor Cavallero, a bullet my right leg has been rather badly shattered by some of your too accurate marksmen,' was the answer, in a tone of voice intended to be cheerful, in spite of the pain he was evidently suffering.

"Permit me to examine it,' said I, as I requested a bystander to hand me a candle, whereupon the unprofessionally applied dressings, I found that the limb had been compressed upon a splint by a large marked bull, or grape shot. The wounded man was delighted, and on passing the probe I perceived that the ball still remained in the wounded limb, which gave evidence of an intent excessive suffering.

"Señor Cavallero,' said Señor Doctor,' he asked, as I raised myself a moment from the examination, 'would I have to suffer the loss of my leg?'

"I hope not, my friend,' I replied, and I endeavored to withdraw his attention from the pain he was enduring at the moment of examination—while with a rapid motion I succeeded in extracting the bullet, which I found to be a small grooving.

"Experiencing instant relief from the simple operation, the officer, for such he was, could not sufficiently express his thanks. I told him that trying to call upon him again in a few hours I felt sure he would be pleased to see me, and on the street, soon found my way to the hospital, where my duties awaited me.

"Daily, for several weeks, I remained in attendance upon the wounded officer, whose wounds him entirely recovered, without no much even as a limp to mark the injury.

"Some months after this, you will recollect, I was ordered to the command of a regiment of general to Victoria, where it was reported the enemy was about to concentrate his forces. It was during the time when many of our men, not being garrisoned there about a week, the Kentucky regiment, to which I was attached, had their old quarters ugly in Monterey.

"I had gone out to visit some of the sick scarcely I had we entered the place than I received a special despatch, and a request to report myself left behind, too sick to accompany his command. I had been under the impression that my regiment character; and as I had been his family physician for years, I was not surprised at receiving the medicine return to Monterey.

"Finding it a professional necessity the good general was in for every man of his little force that was left behind, I could not but regret the escort on my return. I morally stated the impression that I should probably be sent, and obtained leave of absence; and with only my servant, I started on my return the road we had just before passed over.

"I had made a temporary stopping place at a Rancho, which is the name given to the immense Castilian deserts; and so changed was his dress, that I should not have recognised him, had he not come up to me and spoke to me in terms with much evidence satisfaction at the meeting, which was by means, and mutual pleasure that he had once been my patient.

"On the following morning, that my horse was saddled, and my servant as if preparing for a journey. Dun Gregorio spoke mysteriously, and in a very gentlemanly manner, and at the same time with a tone that expressed the great interest he took in my answer, inquired:

"Señor Doctor, may I make bold to ask you which way you are travelling?'

"Most certainly, my friend,' I answered; 'my road leads me to Monterey.'

"The Mexican shook his head, and said he was extremely sorry for that.

"But, really, my good Doctor, you do not intend to travel without an escort, do you?

"Yes, I replied. 'We are familiar with the road; and we know from the reports of our scouts that there is little danger from your people to apprehend.'

"Your scouts are not to be depended upon,' was the answer, 'for I assure you that the mountain passes are in the hands occupied by Canalles' guerillas, whom he has recently ordered to occupy all the available points between here and Monterey. Therefore, my friend, take the advice of one who owes you, perhaps, his life—at least, health and a sound limb—and defer your journey till your general will grant you a sufficient escort to protect an attack.'

"But, Señor,' said I, 'my business will not admit of delay; for it may be the life of a dear friend depends upon my arriving at Monterey as soon as possible;' and then I explained to him the nature of the dispatch I had received from my colonel.

"I think it really bad,' said Don Gregorio, 'that the way word for it, you will not pass the mountains to-day without being robbed, even if you have an escort.

"You forgot, perhaps, my good friend, that I am mounted on a swift and well-trained animal; and, besides,' said I, showing him a pair of six-shooting pistols, 'my never missed fire,' these little barkers are better than a dozen body guards.'

"Again the Mexican shook his head, and for some moments remaining silent, seemed to be musing to himself.

"I have a plan,' said upon my servant, and bade him mount; and after riding to the outskirts of the town I said my coming to a certain place which I indicated.

"Wait for me there—not yet, if you please. Listen, and I will tell you what occurred to me once—in fact, it was but a few days ago, on that very road we are to travel, that I was saved by a said my companion. 'My business, like yours, requires travel, and even than the mountains were held by guerillas, who on occasions set upon and robbed every one they encountered when lives they will take; to their credit be it said, they are rather cowardly nor bloodthirsty. Well, I had but little money, and I said they might have it welcome to it, but that I was detained in the road; and as I called forth alone. But I left the city gate, a solitary horseman rode up to me, and inquired which road I intended to take. I told him, and he said he was glad, and houred, and so I pointed out the direction we were to take.

"But you cannot travel that road,' said he; 'the band by regular guerillas.'

"I know it, but I must run the risk,' said I.

"Nothing,' said the stranger, 'there was once a time when I did the captain of that same band a signal service. In fact, I saved his life, and he was grateful to me, and he gave me a pass, which, he said, would command me the respect of his men, and protect my property as if it were under the look of the commander himself. This pass, he said, would save me, and wherever night chance to travel with it, I should be safe. I have no use for it now, and in perfect safety; no one would offer me the slightest violence.

"Oh! Don Gregorio,' said I "that must have been a providential meeting. Have you the pass?'

"I have it,' said the stranger, 'there was no use to the signet rings of old kings we read of in romances, but I have it, and you shall have it.' I asked, laughingly; 'and did it carry you safely through the band?' I asked, 'for I know that the guerillas are nothing more?'

"Nothing,' replied by this interruption, the Mexican put his hand into his pocket, and after a little search for some memorial, drew from a corner of it a small silver coin, on both sides of which had been stamped certain characters which I was unable to decipher. This he placed in my hand, saying:

"'Señor Doctor Gregorio, just as I received it from the hand of the strange horseman, so I give it to you. Should you be arrested by the guerillas you will be sure to meet on your road, present it. It is all you require.'

"I thanked him very cordial, and I asked:

"'Were you really attacked on your journey, Don Gregorio?'

"The Mexican could not refrain a smile as he answered:

"The coin was respected by all I met; and I am sure I came in contact with the entire band, at various passes in the mountains. To-morrow, I think you will see that the road is not yet lost its charms. So now, my assign, you may go on a good hour, and the sickness keep you in their hands' and warmly embracing me, my valiant patient left me standing in the road by the side of my horse.

"I dropped the piece of money into my leathern pocket, and thought no more about it, until *night*, mounted and rejoined my servant. In a few hours more we had left the town behind us, as we rode along, I could think of nothing but my friend Harry, and my last interview with him. Aside from my slight acquaintance with him as a patient, I knew nothing about him; even his name, save that of Don Gregorio, which I had no doubt was a fictitious one, assumed for the time. I had first met him, pro unknown to me—I had never heard him to hold a commission in the Mexican army; but what that commission was I had not been informed. In fact, had I known that he was a commander, he belonged to the forces of the enemy, I would in strict duty have been bound to have taken him as one of my sick reports as such. I therefore, out of regard to my own safety, had purposely avoided making any inquiries respecting my patient. But I was deeply interested in the man, and I thought that the 'pass' he had given me, (and I did not in the least doubt its value,) he must certainly be a person of no small consideration with the guerillas.

"Thus thinking, I rode on, and my servant along leisurely till the middle of the day, when we began to ascend into the first pass of the sierra. My attention was now entirely absorbed in the scenery around me, which was of the most romantic description. I had not encountered a single guerilla or muleteer since leaving the city. Mikey Calcuvy, my servant, was in the advance, when, on a sudden, came to a halt, and I, on inquiring by jutting rocks, he suddenly drew rein, and, with considerable excitement expressed that there were a number of armed men in the pass.

"Be jabers, sir, I don't like the appearance of them fellows, at all, at all!

"How so, Mike?' I inquired, 'what discovered you to their vicinity?'

"By my soul, sir, it's myself believes there's guerillas in the pass.'

"Hardly had the man spoken when we heard the report of a gun, and a bullet whistled by my head.

"There are but two of them!' was the answer.

"Good!' was the reply.

"And the next moment three ugly-looking, leathern-clad Mexicans presented themselves in front before us, and ordered us to halt and dismount. But this unceremonious order Mikey had no mind to comply with for myself; for, before I could draw one of my revolvers, the three Mexican brigands levelled his pieces, and stretched one of the robbers dead upon the road; leaving the other two for me to despatch. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that Gregorio and his silver talisman were driven entirely from my thoughts; for, under these circumstances, the coolest heads will become confused; and I will confess, I was in no slight degree excited.

"The rocks instantly became alive with armed men, who, maddened by the death of their companion, poured forth a volley of curses upon us. My patient Virginian fell under me; and I was left defending my faithful, brave Mike stretched a corpse by the side of his own dog.

"My blood was now up, and I determined to yield only with life. With fierce imprecations, the guerillas, or robbers, now descended from their hiding-places from all directions about me, and surrounding me, at a respectful distance, however, for they perceived I was well armed, ordered me to surrender. I replied with my revolver, which I soon emptied, and was about to draw the other when a rude shot struck my right arm, and it fell paralyzed by my side. Before I could recover my pistol with my left hand, one of the brigands leaped upon me from behind, and with the breech of his gun stretched me senseless upon the ground.

"In another instant I found myself bound, and bleeding profusely, dragged from the path. In fact, the guerillas were so eager to rifle my person, that they did not take time to murder me first.

"While some were unbuckling my silver spurs, others were turning my pockets inside out for their contents. My purse was well filled, for on leaving Monterey I had called upon the paymaster, and drawn three months' pay. The sight of this gold perhaps saved my life, and so one of the Mexican robbers, more than ordinary spread handkerchief he uttered an exclamation of surprise, which drew the attention of his comrades from me to the yellow gold.

"But *Madre de Dios!*' exclaimed one of the robbers, 'this is life!' and then turning to me towards them, I perceived the fellow holding a small silver coin between his thumb and finger, so that the rest of them might see it. I at once instantly reminded of the coin my patient had given me.

"With the *salvaguardia del Cogitus?* (the captain's safeguard) they all cried; while the gold which had momentarily glittered up had vanished in its leathern receptacle.

"I was now sure that the bearing of the guerillas was now an sudden as the discovery of the silver, but I determined to improve to the utmost the effect of that denomination in my possession.

"'Ah! my friends,' I said, 'why did you not tell us before you were the owner of this coin? Señor Don Gregorio would have saved you—and this—and that!' said one of the guerillas, who appeared to be their leader, as he pocketed the purse, and pointed first to my shattered arm and then to the body of poor Mikey. Both these hints, however, were lost upon me, unused, as he directed his glance towards his master's property.

"I was now unbound, and with many regret and apologies for the rough treatment I had received as well as they could under the circumstances, and pressing upon me with a heavy purse to mount him; and after proceeding about a mile further on, I arrived at a comfortable looking rancho, where I was requested to alight.

"To my surprise, the first person I met, on doing so, was my old patient, Don Gregorio. His appearance was changed, he was dressed in coarser, and after lending me carefully to the ground, turned to ask news for an explanation. This was soon given.

"'Ah! my friend,' he said, 'I assure you you cannot regret the unfortunate affair so much as I. Some one had the presumption I advised, all this would have been avoided.'

"The guerilla chief, for such indeed was Don Gregorio, carried kindness to the utmost limit my situation as comfortable as possible. After a most delicious dinner, which, together with the loss of blood, as I was, I did justice to, my friend and host left me rooms at his presence to the rancho.

"I was somewhat doubtful of your prudence,' said he, 'and so, after we parted at the *café*, I ascended, and taking a nearer road arrived before you. I knew you would be safe in my hands, still your arrival, that they had advanced to some distance to accommodate you. But I know Holy Virgin it has resulted no worse.'

"Don Gregorio, I found, was a man well-versed with the sinuest kindness, and my wound was dressed, and bandaged with much skill by a second on my journey.

"Don Gregorio insisted upon my acceptance of a beautiful horse, a much finer animal even than I had lost; nor would he leave me till he had safely escorted me within the lines of the armies of Monterey.

"Before parting we good-bye, I thanked him for his generous conduct, and proposed to return the noble steed to him.

"'No, no, mi amigo'—keep it,' said he, 'and when you ever again have occasion to fall in with any of our irregular forces, a judicious use of it might be of service to you. Adios!'

"And here," concluded the doctor, "is that same piece of silver! I have worn it as an ornament to test its virtues. But I shall ever retain in as a memento of the kindness of my heart—and often ache and suffer, and every heart-throb will remind me of the noble Mexican to dust. Is it not gifted? Look on your speech—to see if it does not tell the truth—no wrong, but, unless you have done wrong, that can affect you but a little while, for soon you will be where even the noble and the generous can now comfort him. His eyes may be bold and bright, and his step firm; he may seem perfectly conscious of health and wealth; but there are those that he shall never meet among his people must; but it is not real to him that he can mark past the debt of nature; you know, however, that his time must come—that even now it hastens on—and yet, with this knowledge, his boldness frame he hold away in the darkness! he goes to the grave in its season, not into your enemy, your oppressor, your tyrant—but into your friend, your benefactor, his mortality—pity him.

It is sad to watch the fleers in the street—to see that they are happy faces. Don't it make you tender-hearted to see them come and go? Young, old, middle-aged, and old, old, and in every one of them heavily classical. Perhaps it is their own fault that they are so scored by care and anxiety; but for that very reason pity them all the more. Poor human fleers! so much weariness and trouble there! and so many traces of passion and of sin. The faces of the rich are seldom happy, and the faces of the poor are haggard and despairing. Even the small number of faces on which shine a cheery light make one tender-hearted. As we pass them we bless them in our thoughts, and pray silently.

"Take them not out of the world; but keep them from the evil."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IDA LEE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

"Twas on a summer's sunny day,
When nature laughed in glee,
I met within the forest's depths,
My gentle Ida Lee;
The rose's hue was on her cheeks,
Her heart was free from pain,
She was in truth all innocence,
A fairy God-like child.

Again, we met, and in our hearts
Love's pleasant spring to bloom,
She was to me the dearest one
That shone upon the earth;
We watched—and for two long years,
I roamed the lonely vale,
And there returned into the spot
To meet my Ida Lee.

She was not there—an angel hand
Had torn the lovely flower,
And thinking it too fair for earth,
Took her to heavenly bower;
I thought the forest had not changed,
It had no charms for me,
My every joy was centred in
My dear, lost Ida Lee.

MY FRIEND AT LAUREL VALE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY OSBON.

Still the blue is the Courtesy of Confession,
And the Rose is the Emblem of Love.
Apple and quince and apricot, and plum,
And an oil as of a pleasant new mystery.—Old Play.

Eight years ago, when I had left the gay grosse quill into my hand, (also, what reams of nonsense it has given birth to since!) I eloped to a "Mutual Admiration Society," my chief admirer being "gifted young lady." Several of the papers called her; Miss Bertha Camilla Rose.

I had forgotten exactly how our acquaintance commenced. I believe it was some unaccountably silly "poem" which gave the initial lift of my own chez dwre forth her first letter. At all events, it was hailed as by no means a usual matter, as I sat opposite to him at the breakfast table, unsuccessfully disembowelling muffins, bread and butter, and coffee, and struck me dumb by my sudden fervor, the fineness of its quality, the elegance of its penmanship, and the romantic terms in which it was endowed. Miss Bertha Camilla Rose "wondered how she had existed so long without knowing and loving me—she was sure she could not exist another day unowned to embrace me—to fold me to her beating heart—took into my" (platonic) "confidence—and to watch there the exhalations of this fervid genius, whose true and only home was in the skies. She was a lonely creature—she rode without ever understand herself—she could sink into an early grave—and better so—yet, better—dear me! what a blunder!—she could hollow smiles on every side. In the grave, at least, there was rest and peace—and in the first before she closed her weary eyes, she should like to meet my own—to grasp my hand, and pour out her full heart at my feet, that when we met in the land of rest and peace, we might know and love each other, even as we might have done on earth, but for the cruel conventions of life—going—she felt the dewy lassitude—the springs of life were failing fast—but oh! to one brave man more—to hear, by" Sister—sweet sister of my soul," before they were quite dry!"

Such was the sum total of the letter, and I looked so utterly aghast as I finished it, that my husband, Charles Pearl, (a descendant of Wordsworth's friend, and no admirer of yellow greatness,) set down his unfinished cup of coffee, and asked what was the matter.

"So young, so gifted, and yet to die!" I said, burying my face in my handkerchief, and pushing the letter towards him. He read it, and gave a long, low whistle. My correspondence usually made him laugh; he was no lover in the face, (the subsisting thing!) but how for a woman he was quite sedate. "She must be young to be a bad way, poor thing," he said thoughtfully. "I should just like to go and visit her."

"Yes—I am of the greyhound breed—long and lean."

"And assorted already! I can hardly believe it."

"It is a fact, however," I said with a slight grimace.

"Why you are a year younger than I. Did you marry for love—and is your husband very handsome?"

It was rather a sore subject—for my matrimonial bark had been a most unlucky craft—that fact one—arranged by my family and consented to on my part, (as a convenient thing to do,) I could answer the last query, however, and said nothing that I had not said to Miss Bertha Camilla. Mr. Bell very fine looking. Another sigh on the part of Charles Pearl, and he went on reading the rising room and hat too.

It was the morning after the meeting imaginable —I had not read Miss Edgeworth's story of "The Grateful Negro," or I should have thought so once what to compare it to. Bertha Camilla looked in an excellent coat, and I looked at her ternally when I thought how I would punish Mr. Bell for the rather unusual liberties he had taken in it. I was exceedingly hungry after my journey, and ate and drank remarkably well—coffee and cream had the effect of my romantic tales I might afterwards write—in spite of my sorrow for my friend. I never felt more wisdom than we had shown before, kept our countenances with the utmost ease on the matter. We spent the evening together very pleasantly. Mr. Bell was very much pleased with the disease of romance, roamed up and down the room, looked remarkably well at night, and threw himself into stilting attitudes. He had never read Byron, and thought Childe Harold is all sad, at least upon me, came in, and sitting down on a low ottoman, looked up into my face, of a study limp, frowning and biting his lips at the most terrific passages. I remembered my "young days," and leaving the lovers together, sought out good Mrs. Rose in the kitchen, and made her acquaintance with a splendid New-foundland dog, that lay at her feet. She was a widow, and lived alone. Mr. Rose came in soon after, and we chatted merrily till the clock struck ten. I remember the book seemingly proud of their daughter, and quite willing to turn the leaves of my old volumes, if the dear girl—yet pretty little Mrs. Rose sighed when I spoke of Ambrose Lyle, and asked them the meaning of that, as Mrs. Bell knew, was a bad thing for so young a married woman. Mrs. Rose and Mr. Frank Clifton would only keep away—perhaps Mrs. Bell might be able to persuade her son to be more kind. Which could do no possible good, since both parties were engaged, and might do much harm.

I saw it all at a glance—in spite of her timid, hesitating way, Miss Bertha Camilla had been an arrant flirt, (indeed she told me so, like an honest girl, not three days afterwards,) and the anxious mother looked on, and grieved. Evidently Ambrose Lyle was not the man she would have chosen for a son-in-law, but she would accept him, so her child was pleased, and would give up her trusting ways. I inwardly resolved to help her if I could—and as for Master Frank Clifton, whoever he might be, it would go hard with me if I did not conceive to put a check upon his courtship—at least for the time I staid. There is nothing like a good resolution for making one vivaciously sleepy, and when I had got so far in my meditations, I rose to go, and having shaken hands with Mr. Rose, and the good dog, I took them up equally kind good by, and followed Mrs. Rose to the room which I was to share with Bertha Camilla, according to her expressed wish. She left me, and I closed the door behind me. It was a little bower of a place—nothing that the refined taste of the child could imagine, or the loving care of the doting mother neglect, was to be seen. Large enough when I thought it all over—the kind mother had given her darling's sweet head every thing of which she was the undisputed mistress—the carriage, the horse—the big dog, (so much more in my eyes,)—the flowers and the books—and to sum up, with what I suppose was very large reason—to her—the lover; it was puzzling enough to remember her doleful poem, and her still more doleful letter, and to recall what she had said about "the fate world and its hollow hollowness."

"Pish!" I exclaimed, "the girl is mad! It would be well for her to be married and out the rest of us, if we had something to cry out for, and I am sure I have enough to cry out for and leave." And with a kind thought for the absent mother, (which I was reminded of every hour of my trials, I am sorry to say,) I laid my head on the pillow, and did not awake till the sun was high in the heavens the next morning. Bertha Camilla rises two hours after me, even for his college home. Nobody missed him much but Mary. I was up and dressed, and caught Mrs. Rose singing merrily in the kitchen then more than in the way of my usual morning habits. Bertha Camilla went to her room, and flung herself into my arms—fat, pretty, good-natured motherly style of a heroine; but I followed her, and gave her to understand that I was not to be had. She was going to cry for a red-headed lover? I dragged her off downstairs, and into the garden among the berries, and at the present day I am sure she would say it was the most sensible thing I could have done.

Somehow the two "posteeses" did not talk as kindly to each other as they usually had done. I have often wondered why this was, and can give no reason for it, unless it was the presence of a third person. But we were not in the least cross, and were very romantic. Bertha Camilla was more real than I. She was only romantic. She had not had the time for any only adventurous. Nature intended me for a "gifted young lady," and Miss Edgeworth's story I could have stemmed a breach, or manned a boat-hook with the best of them. Fairies, and elements—guns, pistols, and swords my favorite ideas—Bertha Camilla's were all of love. She took them quietly out of my hands, and filling the measure higher than ever, as I had not been made me "go about my business," and I obeyed with a sigh. Mrs. Rose was busy with her pies, all the while. Not so with my friend. She was chirkened with the idea of my parasol, and I presented as a duck taken to water, and never was happier than when she was sighing over my sorrows, and I was pouring out floods of proof-sheets. When I sprang up from my desk and declared that I must walk, she would follow me, run races up and down the woods and through the fields, gathering wild flowers. Sometimes I sit being released, her eyes would follow me wistfully, and she would ask me to read to her upon the page before her. She thought me clever, and I felt it. I believe I was in my only one then who gave a thought to Mr. Lyle's unfortunate position. He was in love, and there's nothing on earth that makes two people so much like two children as love with each other.

Frank startled up as I came in, and turned a deep crimson—evidently he had been "crying." I took a "noble fellow," and my eyes took Bertha Camilla in a mesh when she introduced me. It was in as awkward position; I got out of it in the quickest way I could.

"Bertha Camilla," I said, "you will excuse the question—but does Mr. Clifton know what you are talking of to-day?"

"Yes—to be quiet," she said, blushing and laughing.

"Not till I have finished my message. The first I have to another was to see that you didn't get into a flirtation—"

"Why, I've been!"

"No. But as you both say you are to engaged, I think you would deceive me. Bertha—"

"Could I?"

"Some women have tried, my dear, before you, and failed. Now, Frank—"

"If I love her with my whole heart, and I don't see why I should not, I will tell him the whole story myself, and if he has any brains about him, he will walk off, and leave you as once."

She thought a moment, balancing her head dolefully on one side, her dark eyes sailing through the window.

"Walk a bit; its not message things in my own way, and I promise to take your advice."

"You will give up Ambrose—you will take Frank," I said, holding out my hand.

"Yes; and the laughing eyes were beat full upon me, as she put hers in it.

"Then I will do my best for you. Good luck go with you."

She danced away to dress; and, calling my dog, I took in and took my dinner alone, and then shut myself up in my room to read. The book I had was exceedingly interesting, but the new one I had walked a long way, and even a hearty dinner, so at last the volume slid very out of my hand; and leaning my head against the back of my easy-chair, I took a little nap, from which I was roused by a shake, and opening my eyes, I saw little Mrs. Rose standing over me with a face of positive distress.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "will you ever forgive me for waking you? I could not help it; for fact it, Frank Clifton has come, and I know you will not choose to see him, but you don't know how glad I should be."

"Indeed I will pay dingus for you with the greatest pleasure,"I said, getting up and shaking out my dress. "Mrs. Rose, is this gentleman so very objectionable?"

"Why—he is a fine fellow—I wish with all my heart Bertha Camilla had chosen him." But Mrs. Rose was proud of "Sibling."

It was very evident Bertha Camilla would meet with no opposition, if Mr. Ambrose Lyle could be prevailed upon to set her free. I listened a dreamy rose in my hair, and went down to the parlor.

Frank Clifton was a handsome fellow, and looked a "noble fellow," and my eyes took Bertha in a mesh when she introduced me. It was in as awkward position; I got out of it in the quickest way I could.

"Bertha Camilla," I said, "you will excuse the question—but does Mr. Clifton know what you are talking of to-day?"

"Yes—to be quiet," she said, blushing and laughing.

"Not till I have finished my message. The first I have to another was to see that you didn't get into a flirtation—"

"Why, I've been!"

"No. But as you both say you are to engaged, I think you would deceive me. Bertha—"

"Could I?"

"Some women have tried, my dear, before you, and failed. Now, Frank—"

"If I love her with my whole heart, and I don't see why I should not, I will tell

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE INFERIORITY AND UNPARALLELED CRITICAL-NESS of the present age is the fact that the majority of persons are of peculiar and unbalanced minds. A man of sense is a phenomenon in a good paper; then is paid to say the most literary papers in the world are those which have the largest circulation, because in them the intellectual standard is the lowest.

WE ALWAYS stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or, if nothing is said to the contrary, when the time paid for expires. It would be useless to send it to subscribers as long as new ones are received before their names are dropped.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any person pretends to act as such you may put him down as a swindler.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

In the next number of the Ledger we shall commence a new Revolutionary story, entitled, "The Traitor; or, Lieutenant Henry L. Langford. "The Trial" was a Story given that talented New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and took its name from the manner in which the villains that fell by the heavy hands of the members were marked—every person slain by them having a *triangular scalp* cut from his head and pinned upon his breast. This band was originated by Benedict Arnold to help on his scheme of treason; and upon them and upon him Lieutenant Langford wreaks his many wrongs while in one of great power and absorbing interest.

THE NEXT RENT DAY—A HINT TO LAND-LORDS.

Rent day, even in prosperous times, is to large numbers of the inhabitants of great cities a day of disgrace, and comes fearfully near. Two of the four rent days are particularly hard to meet, the one that comes in the depth of winter and the one that occurs in the dullness of summer. In five of many people of small, precarious business is one long struggle to prepare for the next rent day.

During the last ten years of prosperity, rents in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, and other large cities, have been constantly on the rise, until the rents paid for favorite localities sometimes have become astounding. Such rents as ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand dollars a year have long ceased to excite remark. One building in Broadway has yielded sixty thousand dollars a year. Another was leased last year for ten years at fifty thousand dollars a year. It was generally have been screwed up to a point which can be sustained only by the best successful business in the best times. Just now these exorbitant rents are peculiarly oppressive, as the capital prospects before them. Labor is generally well employed. Money is superabundant, and the business men of the cities are ample. They engaged in gain which will enable them easily to pay out of the profits of large business. But the time is, for the time, paralyzed. How are they to get out of the scrape?

A large owner of real estate in Philadelphia the lately given a practical hint to his tenants which may be worth considering. He notified his tenants, a short time before the last rent was due, that he should deduct twenty-five per cent. from the quarter's rent of all his tenants who should pay their rent on the day it was due. This sensible landlord reasoned, *on the one hand, duty a larger proportion of the whole amount of rent due him than any other individual tenant*, and so adopted. We commend the consideration of this fact to those whom it may concern. Why say our own wealthy landlords? Would it not be well for them to reduce their rents twenty-five per cent., and thus relieve their tenants in this their hour of need? Consult William B. Astor *afford* to set the example!

GIVE AS YOU GO ALONG.

Considering that no testator expects to be present at the opening of his own will, or at the distribution of his property after his decease, it seems strange that so many men should live penuriously, and bolster their souls by a thousand nonsenses, for the sole purpose of assuring fortune to lower and related lines. The object of such persons is doubtless posthumous glory. They take it for granted that the world will lament over their bequests will astonish the world, that the compass will go up in tears and sighs and compliments, and that they will receive a retrospective epitaph-ful worship from a grateful posterity unborn. But, after all, the game does not appear to be worth the candle. The "big, cold oak of death" cannot be tickled by mortuary puffs, for "resolutions" of appreciation will be institutions, or the pious ejaculations of readers of wills have any influence on the dead. Nonsense uplugh likely to afford the living any satisfaction to say "Good for worse" this moulder bequeath it.

Moreover, it is questionable whether the memory of the man whose generosity is manifested through his executors, is much appreciated by the recipients of his wealth. Such men rarely die soon enough to please their heirs. They are considered—and justly so—as wife made—a "big superfluous on the stage," and when referred to a better world by the inheritors of their substance are filled with joyful resignation. Sometimes a man is a positive grabber *without half the legacies* "remembered" in his will, "when perhaps those left behind by their lives shortened by the privations and anxieties which a tenth of the sum given away would have relieved. It is a singular truth in the disposition of many individuals to be more ready to negate wealth for their posterity, than they should bestow a dollar even on those nearest and dearest to them, during their lifetime, while, alas, To be cursed with such a blighted disposition is, to a man of sense, a terrible affliction.

The *elderly* generous rich man is he who *gives as he goes along*. He understands that work done by degrees after the fashion of the universe is likely enough to be done in a slovenly way, and so-called the charitable fall sometimes among those he designs to benefit with his own hands, instead of having the task to his executors and trustees.

ORGANIZATION OF AN ARMY.

The most important branch of an army is the infantry. It consists of infantry of the line, and light infantry. The former constitutes its great force. The French are very strong in light infantry. The Austrian light infantry likewise is very good. The Prussian less so. The English light infantry is wanting, except a few riflemen. In Russia the arm is almost entirely wanting. Cavalry consists of heavy and light; cuirassiers are heavy, lancers and chasseurs light. Dragoons may be either. Except with the French, there are light and heavy artillery; they have but one kind. It is also horse and foot artillery; in the French and English service the artillerymen ride on the limbers and ammunition wagons.

Military bodies are divided into companies, battalions and regiments. The battalion is the division for action, not too large to be observed with the voice. In skirmishing, companies are made use of. There is no fixed number for a battalion. Cavalry has squadrons and regiments. A squadron embraces from one to two hundred. Our great unit is cavalry. Unless the enemy be in a superior force, it takes a long time to make him a good dragoon.

The following is considered a good proportion for distributing the forces of an army: Suppose two regiments of infantry of the line of 1,000 men; one regiment of light infantry, 1,000; one regiment of riflemen, 1,000; one regiment of cavalry, 1,000; two companies of artillery, or four battalions of pioneers, or sappers and miners, and engineers, 1,000; the remainder, to the half-dreamy eye, the most fantastic, to the half-dreamy eye, the most fantastic, to the half-dreamy eye, the most fantastic

NEAR THE TORRENT.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Yet, O blest Genius of the Torrent! I
Can only lose and lament; for my heart
Made your eternal chant beneath this sky,
A large, pure passion, far from troubled mist.
With him my boyhood's idol; whose sweet air
Named Poesy's rose in my young soul, and mist.

Her hope divine: I can no poesy put
Take with the sounding waters; he is lost
Away from sun and me in Death's relentless sluice.

II.

How could I walk amid that glory now?
What could it give but wither, deeper yet?
While Memory also bestrewn with the brow,
The perfect brow, of her whose smiles gave
When that glad summer's earliest bream would blow,
Shrewd on the Heaven of Woman: this mind I,
Whose bliss it was by those dear Falls to grow,
Alone I come, a man, while ev'ry grief
Seems breathed in song for them who were so bright
and brief.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MISHAP.

Lieutenant Trower had received a severe bullet wound in the thigh while following his leader to Princeton, and he had not yet been able to resume his duty, being still obliged to use crutches when he walked. Hon Roderic sought to all possible haste, anxious to know what had occurred at Walbrook. He found the invalid in bed, but asleep.

"Mr. Trower, you will excuse me for troubling you at this time; but I come upon important business."

"Sit down, Captain, and make no excuses. I have come to feel only to rest my limbs. I am not sleepy. It is pleasant to see you at any time."

Roderic took a seat by the side of the bed, and when he had inquired touching his friend's progress of recovery, he approached the subject nearest his thoughts.

"Sergeant Adam told me that you had something of importance to communicate. He intimated that something had transpired at Walbrook. What is it?"

"Yes," returned the lieutenant, raising himself to a sitting posture. "Adam was right. I heard something to-day which I thought you would like to know. General Putnam has been here, and I happened to be present while he was giving to some of the officers of the staff an account of his proceedings. You are probably aware that many of our prisoners were sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping?"

"Yes," said our hero, "I know that."

"Well," pursued Adam, "when Putnam left that city he took charge of the southern line of encloisments, there were some exchanges made."

"Exchange of prisoners, do you mean?" cried Roderic, anxiously.

"Yes; and among the prisoners so disposed of were John Gringlet and Louis Griswold."

"Good Heavens! is this possible? How those two men been set free?"

"They have," replied Adam. "But," he added, as he saw how deeply the intelligence touched his captain, "you must remember that those who had charge of the exchange knew nothing of the private issues between yourself and those two gentlemen. It was only against them that they were Tories; and as they were willing to make oath that they would never take up arms against the colonies, nor give aid to the enemy, they were suffered to go free."

"By my soul, this is a calamity indeed!" groaned our hero, working his hands nervously. "And yet you see to it, Adam, I only told the story of Maggie's danger to Mercer; and he, alas, is gone. Had he lived he would not have hesitated; for, as the prisoners were taken under his especial orders, he would have seen where his displeasure to exchange was made with them. But when did they go? How long have they been free?"

"I don't know exactly, Captain. The exchange was made something over a week ago."

This was a startling piece of intelligence for Roderic Gringlet; but he was not the man to give up his mind as to the course he should pursue. He meant to go to Walbrook as quickly as possible; and to this end he called at once upon the colonel of his regiment, to whom he was much known his desire. His merits were so deserving of encouragement that he had little difficulty to obtain the leave he sought; and on the following morning he set out on his journey towards. He stopped at Princeton, where he saw General Putnam, and of him he inquired touching the whereabouts of John Gringlet's liberation.

"John Gringlet," said Putnam, "was set free ten weeks ago. We exchanged him for a Patriot merchant of New Brunswick, who had been imprisoned by Cornwallis for supplying Sullivan with stores. Louis Griswold was not exchanged at this same time. We exchanged Sir Hesden officer in his place."

"But Griswold is free now?" said Roderic.

"I think he is," replied Putnam. "His name was on the exchange list, and he has in all probability been sent off ere this. Still I am not sure upon that point."

If there were any grounds for hope in this information Roderic was delighted; and here could build but very little comfort upon them. He stopped over night with the general, and in the morning set forth again upon his journey.

In the meantime how was it at Walbrook?

Hesden sank very low, and in the midst of constant care of her devoted friends she could not have lived as she did. Her fever ran high by spells, and her ravings were terrible. At this time she called Maggie her dear Adrondesha, and said she was the wife of Herbert; and at others she looked upon the gentle maiden as her bitterest enemy, and would not see her in her presence. Sometimes she would allow Cato to remain near her, but not often. Old Selpio was the only one who could control her at all when she was raving in her delirium, and even he was sometimes obliged to use force.

Thus passed away five weeks, and the poor maiden was sinking lower and lower. Selpio shook his head mournfully when he spoke of her, and sadly expressed the opinion that she would soon be free from her sufferings. One afternoon, as Maggie sat in a small room adjoining the chamber in which Hesden lay, she was startled by the abrupt entrance of Cato. The negro looked very uneasy, as though he had disagreeable news to tell.

"Have you come from Hesden?" asked Maggie, when the first thought was that there might be danger in that quarter.

"No. I'ze come from Vodder way, massa. Dar's somebody come."

"Who is it?"

"Mas'r."

"Do you mean Roderic?"

"No, no—I mean Vodder mas'r. It am Roderic's uncle?"

Maggie started up from her seat, and took a few step towards the negro. She was fearfully excited, and for a moment trembled violently.

"Has John Gringlet come back?" she asked, with her hands half clenched, and her bosom heaving.

"Yes, Miss Maggie—he bab, for certin."

"Did he come alone?"

"I s'pect he did."

"Are you sure?"

"I didn't see him when he come; but dar wasn't only one hoss."

"Go down out, Cato. Find out as quickly as you can. You know what I mean. I wish to know if Louis Griswold is with him or not. In a little while after Cato had gone, another visitor came. It was Hepy, the chamber-maid, a negro girl who had been most faithful under the new circumstances.

"What news do you bring me?" asked Maggie, as the girl hesitated.

"Ah, misera!" was the spasmodic response.

"Have you come to tell me that your old master has returned?"

"Do did ye know it?"

"Yes, Hepsy."

"Well—Heish, misera, Tee glad ob dat, for now I habit got to break de news to ye. But I'se got sumfin else. Gringlet he come too an' I tink ya. He wants to see ye down in de parlor. I'se unkind.

A VILLAIN COWED.

"Well," he said, "I am at home once more, as you see."

Maggie saw it very plainly; but she made no reply. She could not speak so falsely as to tell him that she was glad to see him; nor did she consider that there was any necessity of telling him that she was sorry he had come. He inferred that she was surprised, and thinking, perhaps, that she feared him, he continued:

"You have no occasion for alarm, Maggie Burns. However much reason I may have for disliking you, I shall not take advantage of my present situation to do you harm. In fact, I have no will or desire to harm you in any way. I am aware that you are here to nurse poor Hesden; and I am also aware that Selpio has come back to his old charge. Before I explain further I have one or two questions to ask you of Hesden now?"

"She is very low, sir,—very low, indeed. She has suffered much, and seems well nigh worn down."

"Is it your desire to remain with her?"

Maggie hesitated about answering this question. She had several reasons for being careful how she committed herself on the subject of her care for Hesden.

"If you wish to remain with her," pursued the master, "you are at liberty so to do."

Why did he eye her so sharply, as though he would read her very thoughts? What if he knew he might judge how great was her devotion to his poor sister? and, judging thus, that his knowledge gives if she knew the secret of Hesden's former cruelty to Maggie? At any rate, Maggie's thoughts, and she determined that she would betray no knowledge which was prejudicial of the poor woman's story.

"I feel it to be my duty, sir, to help the suffering woman all I can," she replied, with open frankness. "I have promised to stay with her as long as she needs me, and I could not leave her then. Since that time I have learned that Hesden has been the only question involved even, whether to remain with Hesden, or have her to the care of others. I feel it my duty to remain."

"Very well," returned Gingrie; "it shall be just as you wish. And, if you are to remain, there is one thing I will say to you. I am not in the habit of making explanations touching my doings, but in this case I shall make a departure from my usual practice. From some things in the past, I might appear to you that I had meant to injure Hesden or Selpio; but such is not the case. I was a servant of the king, and meant to be a loyal subject; and, having reason to believe that Selpio was in the habit of conveying important intelligence to the rebels, I determined to arrest him. And you will recall to the French, which I did. I know that no one will deny that I suspected, and in his opinion with good reason. Now you know all. Of course the sending away of Selpio made it necessary that Hesden should be removed. To do so could not leave her alone to freeze and die; but before I could turn my attention to arrangements for her nursing, I was very unexpectedly called away. And now I have simply to add that I am anxious that Hesden should have the best of care, and that Selpio should be allowed to see you remain."

He had spoken with seeming frankness, but Maggie did not stop then to question the truth of what he had said. One of the most important subjects to her he had not touched upon.

"Before I can give you an answer, sir," she said, "I must see the whereabouts of Louis Griswold."

"Ah," returned the host, with a very slight smile, "that brings another explanation; and I will tell you how I happen to be here without your asking. The belligerents have made an exchange of prisoners, and I was fortunate enough to be turned off against a rebel storekeeper. Louis Griswold is now in my service. He is tight in prison, and is likely to remain there. So you have nothing to fear from him. I don't blame you for being particular concerning him."

The baronet drummed upon the table a moment, and then added, in a low, confidential way:

"Let us have the whole case now, and you can act your own pleasure. I shall take charge here, and shall also provide every possible comfort for Hesden. If you and your mother wish to remain, you are at liberty so to do. Aye, and more still: I should like to have you stay; for your nursing of the invalid would be of great assistance to me."

Maggie said she would confer with her mother, and give him an answer in the evening.

"I might have spoken with your mother before I saw you," returned Sir John; "but I did not think of it. However, you can make such explanations to her as you please, and that will answer every purpose."

Maggie found her mother alone, and confidently worried on account of the arrival of Sir John, of which event she had been informed by Cato. The daughter gave a detailed report of her interview with the baronet, after which the mother had many questions to ask touching points in the narrative which she did not fully understand.

"Why did you not give him a direct answer?" said the widow. "You must have known that it would be received very poorly to withhold the matter."

"I wanted time for reflection," replied Maggie. "I had much to think of, and I wished to think of it alone. Of course I cannot leave Hesden. It is a sacred charge which has been left to me, and I will be faithful while life lasts. To me, personally, there may be no present danger, for I think John Gringrie told me truly when he said that Louis Griswold was still in prison. And yet I believe he lied to me in other things. Concerning his feelings towards his poor unconscious wife I am sure he spoke falsely. I watched his countenance narrowly, and I could detect the play of his false heart. He hates that woman; and so he hates me. But he fears me, and so he does not dare. I could see it in his look, and in this difference lies my safety."

"We must not leave Hesden," said Mrs. Burns, emphatically; "and yet you must not offend Sir John."

"I shall not trust my safety wholly in the hands of John Gringlet," returned Maggie. "I know him too well. But he must not see that I distrust him. Therefore, if you, mother, are of our opinion, we will watch him. He does not know that I have been to Walbrook since I left there, and I would not have him even suspect it; so we will keep everything close, and watch him guard over our tongues. He may try to entrap us, but we must be always circumspect in our answers, unwary witnesses, but no must gain by our words."

The widow promised that she would be very circumspect. She would not, of her own accord, say anything upon her, and was prepared to meet the emergencies as they might arise.

In the evening, Maggie met the baronet in the parlor, and informed him that she and her mother would remain at Walbrook, and nurse the suffering maiden. He simply scolded his acceptance of her decision, remarking, as she turned to leave, that for the present she might consider Hesden as wholly in her charge.

CHAPTER XX.

GATHERING FOR A STORM!

The servants at Walbrook—the groom, and the chamber-maid, Hepsy, and the middle-trembled with apprehension when they knew very that Hesden had returned. For days they went nothing but harsh language and ill usage. But, before I could turn my attention to arrangements for her nursing, I was very unexpectedly called away. And now I have simply to add that I am anxious that Hesden should have the best of care, and that Selpio should be allowed to see you remain."

He had spoken with seeming frankness, but Maggie did not stop then to question the truth of what he had said. One of the most important subjects to her he had not touched upon.

"Before I can give you an answer, sir," she said, "I must see the whereabouts of Louis Gringlet."

"Ah," returned the host, with a very slight smile, "that brings another explanation; and I will tell you how I happen to be here without your asking. The belligerents have made an exchange of prisoners, and I was fortunate enough to be turned off against a rebel storekeeper. Louis Griswold is now in my service. He is tight in prison, and is likely to remain there. So you have nothing to fear from him. I don't blame you for being particular concerning him."

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"Let us have the whole case now, and you can act your own pleasure. I shall take charge here, and shall also provide every possible comfort for Hesden. If you and your mother wish to remain, you are at liberty so to do. Aye, and more still: I should like to have you stay; for your nursing of the invalid would be of great assistance to me."

Maggie said she would confer with her mother, and give him an answer in the evening.

"I might have spoken with your mother before I saw you," returned Sir John; "but I did

One day Sir John met Maggie in the dining-room, and he told her that he believed he should call a physician to see Hesden.

"Perhaps you have heard of Doctor Andros? he said.

Yes.—Maggie had heard of him. She had heard her mother speak of him.

"Well," pursued the host, "he is an excellent physician, and has had much experience in treating the insane. He left Philadelphia some weeks ago, and went to New York; but his patients have persuaded him to return. I have made up my mind to send for him. I feel that it is my duty."

Maggie liked the idea, and freely said so.

The following morning Thomas Grimes, the groom, was dispatched to Philadelphia, and by the time Dr. Andros came he reached towards evening, and after taking a little refreshment, he went up to see the maniac. He spent almost an hour with her. He found her in a state of exhaustion, and he left her raving.

"What do you think of her?" asked the host, as the two sat together over their wine.

"I think she must die."

"Do you?"

Sir John spoke very quickly, and with such evident satisfaction, that the doctor could not help noticing it.

"I think," he added, "that death would be a blessing to her. She is a poor, unfortunate creature, and I have done all I could for her; but, if her suffering cannot be soothed, I would rather see her die, than see her live only to suffer."

There was a strange ring to the host's voice as he uttered these words, which caused the doctor to look upon him with a searching gaze. A few more days of such raving as I saw an hour ago must, he was sure, overthrow completely what Medicine can do her so good."

"Then you think you can do some to save her?"

"No. If she lives, it must be by the power of some other agent than that which I possess, and which I think is hardly possible."

"Then you take another glass of wine, doctor? This is pure old Burgundy, and has been in my cellar for a decade to my own knowledge. It is not your raw, rank stuff that busts the blood like pepper. Shall I help you?"

The host took another glass, and compliments the beverage very highly.

"By the way," said Sir John, sipping his wine as he spoke, "don't you remember, the last time you were here, that I asked you some questions on this very subject of lunacy?"

"Yes," replied Andros, "I remember it very well."

"I have often thought," pursued the host, "what a curious coincidence it was. I had never seen a person labor under any other case of mild lunacy under my own roof."

"It is a coincidence," said the doctor, nodding over his glass.

"And," added Sir John, "I have thought sometimes that I should like to investigate into their reasons; and I have wondered if it could be a possible thing for this poor woman to recover her senses."

"There is one thing certain," returned Andros, with a smile: "She cannot recover her senses till she overcomes the malady which is now upon her."

"That is not likely, Sir John; but still it is not absolutely impossible. If I were called upon to say positively, I should say there was just about one chance in ten thousand."

"I declare, doctor, this wine is excellent. I think I must prefer it to Port. don't you?"

"I think it full as good; though Port is my favorite."

"Ah,—I remember. Well, well,—you shall have a bottle to-morrow. See the color of the generous nectar.—See how it catches and holds the light! Beautiful, is it not? But—I was going to—let's see:—Ah, I was going to ask what would be the symptoms, supposing a person in this woman's situation were about to recover?"

"It would be," replied the doctor, "an utter prostration of the whole system, almost like death. Should this last long enough to give the brain rest and reinspiration, and there be still vitality enough to hold the heart to its pulsations, there might be an awakening to life and reason."

John Gringlet drank off his wine, and then spoke of the war, thus leading the conversation into a new channel. They talked until near midnight, when Andros was shown to his room, after which the host sought his own rest.

Dr. Andros remained on Walbrook three days; and his last visit to the chamber of the maniac was in company with Maggie. He had at first formed a strong prejudice against the girl, having heard much of her rampant rebel proclivities; but in he became acquainted with her he liked her. He could not help it. And he said to himself that such a creature's enlisted such hearts as hers could not be altogether bad.

It was early in the morning when he and Maggie parted at the door. And then the sufferer was asleep.

"Can she live?" asked the maiden.

The doctor shook his head very slowly and doubtfully.

"She will not suffer much more," he said. "She cannot. Her system will not bear it."

"You think death will come to her relief?"

"I think it probable," replied Miss Burns."

"I feared so, sir."

"Yes," added Andros, "it is not impossible that she may recover. If she dies, she will die ere many days. You must keep her as quiet as possible. Nothing more can be done for her."

John Gringlet had made preparations to go to Philadelphia with Dr. Andros; but he had had some business which he wished to transact. He meant to be gone only one night, and he gave Maggie charge of Walbrook during his absence.

Was it possible that John Gringlet could be acting as he felt? Had he really come to like Maggie, and to trust her thus because he respected her? He held her by the hand before he left, and told her that he felt perfectly safe in leaving his house in her care, and he hoped that she would make herself as free and comfortable as though the place were her own.

"And," he added, "you must be careful of your Heroine. If she must die, I wish to feel that everything was done for her that could be done while she was beneath my roof. And if she is to live, I would have the satisfaction of knowing that her sufferings were made less through my agency. I shall be back to-morrow, if possible."

Was he honest?

Maggie asked herself this question many times; but she could not answer it to her satisfaction. If he was honest, then she had misjudged him, and if he was acting a hypocrite, then was he a greater villain than she had ever dared to think him.

On the evening of the next day the baronet returned, and having inquired after Hesden, and learned that she was about the same as when he left, he repaired to his own room. He had prepossessed some few articles in the city. He had some collection liquid in a phial, and some white powder in a paper. These he put away in one of the drawers of the bureau in his bedroom. He took out the following morning he went to the street and took some more things from the same drawer, and hold them in his hand for some minutes, and then he walked to himself, as though he did not know exactly what he should do. Finally he put the phial and the paper into his waistcoat pocket, and then went out to take the fresh air. The weather was unusually mild for December, but he did not seem to notice it. He walked, slowly and thoughtfully, as one engaged in a deep study, and he was gone over and soon he pressed his hand upon the phial and the paper in the pocket and he pitied. This was in the morning. He passed the day about the premises, usually taking how he was with Hesden.

In the evening he sat up long after the servants had retired. He sat alone in a small drawing-room in which books and papers were on, and while sitting thus he was startled by a low cry upon one of the windows. He arose, a loaded pistol and listened. The rap was repeated, and he arose and went to the window; but it was so dark without that he could not see whether any one was there or not. In a moment after he had pulled the curtain aside he heard the sash cautiously pronounced.

"Who is it?"

"Are you alone?" was the reply from without.

"I am alone, but armed."

"Then let me in. I am cold and hungry."

Ho! Sir John knew that voice, and as quickly as possible he threw up the window. He beckoned the applicant to come in.

"Louis Griswold!" he knew expecting you for some time. They held you longer than I thought."

"Aye," returned Louis Griswold, with an oath, "they kept me up to the extent of their wishes, I hope. But here I am at last; and I have come to give you the best news you ever had in your life. Unless the prisoners were sent off in another direction, I have left them all safe in the Old Jail. And I will tell you more yet. I should have kept on to the Ferry, and sent back my horse by a man."

Sir John was pleased that his friend had been released, and after some further questions touching the state of other prisoners, he remarked:

"The presence of whom you have spoken are not known to me. I shall send you here without their knowledge; for under existing circumstances it would be well to have you."

"Where is Burns is here?" said Griswold.

"Yes."

"And how long do you wish her to remain here?"

"I am not particular as to that," replied the host. "If you mean to ask me if I am willing that you should see her, I must answer decidedly; but it must be done carefully, my dear Captain. You are aware that she is a rebel at heart. Should my hand appear in the work of her abduction, I should not thank me for it. She has given her every reason to believe that I am her friend, and I prefer that it should still so appear. You understand me?"

"Yes," said Sir John."

"Then," resumed the baronet, "if you take the girl, is meant to be your companion. Can you get you good men to help you?"

"Yes. I know where I can have them at any time."

John Gringrie sipped a little wine, and after thinking carefully, he said:

"I have not forgotten the cause of hatred I had against Maggie Burns months ago; nor have I forgotten that she was the direct instrument of my apprehension and imprisonment; and hence I am more than ever inclined to deliver her up to your keeping. Come here to-morrow night, with such help as you need to take her away, and I will have some plan prepared for placing her within your reach."

"By the life of me, Sir John, she shall be

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slipped away without any trouble at all, and without any disturbance; and when I sees got her within my power, I don't mean that she shall escape me. At what hour shall I come?"

"You had better be here by nine o'clock. Come up through the park. I will be here in this room. You can throw some bits of ice against the windows, and I will let you in, and give your party concealment until the prize is ready for capture."

This was pleasant—very. It was a capital plan.

"Now let us see who shall snatch Maggie from me," said Louis Griswold, as he arose to depart. "Master Roderic is such a mysterious where I have no doubt he is performing doughty deeds; and when he returns, if he loves her as that time, he'll find his lady-love already appropriated. I'll off now, my good doll Jekyl, to free my of the servants see me, and be here again at the hour you have set. One drop more of your brandy, just to keep out the biting frost. So—And now I must bid you good night."

When Louis Griswold had gone, the host spent some minutes in walking up and down his room. He may have been anxious, but his anxiety had nothing to do with the wish he had just been planning. No—for Maggie Burns he had no thought or sympathy. It was now very near midnight, and as he went into one of the chamber, he had an inclination to see Hecuba. He went to the door of her apartment, and knocked, and Scipio admitted him. The negro was alone with the maniac.

"How is it with the poor woman to-night?" the baronet asked, in a whisper.

"I do' no, ma's. She am curi'us. She hab jes a way either sleep six minutes or seven hours, 'bout two hours ago, she opened her eyes, an' ax'd for wine."

Sir John was startled. This long repose was a symptom which he did not understand to like.

"Did you give her wine, Scipio?"

"No, Sah!—I didn't hab no wine."

"That should not be. If she is fainting, or failing, or thought of wine might do her much. Where is Cleo?—I'll send him for some."

"Cleo's gone to bed."

"Then I'll go and get a bottle myself. By my soul, the poor creature shall not lack for comfort, if an night a thing can afford it."

With this John Gingerly went out, and went down into his wine-cellar; and there he selected a bottle of the best, he sat down, and untied the covering, and corded it. Then he took the little paper from his pocket—the paper which he had brought from Mrs. Burns—and poured the white powder all into the bottle.

"It will not hurt the flavor of the wine; and may wish her!" he muttered to himself, as he replaced the cork, and tied the string again. "If must give her two! I'll give her three—the bottle as he spoke. "A glass of it will rest her forever!"

He carried the wine up to the maniac's room, and gave it to the old negro.

"It is my choicest, oldest wine," he said, "and you must not waste it. I have but a few bottles left of the same kind."

The bottle was cold and covered with dust; the cork tied down, and a thick wire muzzle gathered about it; and Scipio suspected nothing out of the way. He thanked the baronet for his kindness, and said he should give Hecuba some of it when she woke up.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STORM BURSTS!

In the evening, when Maggie came into the chamber of the suffering woman, she saw the syringe lying, and she asked Scipio whence it came. He told her that he had spoken to Sir John of Hecuba's asking for wine, and that the host had gone and brought it.

"He says it an berry nice an' good, an' that she will like it much."

"It looks old," remarked Maggie, as she took up the bottle, and examined it. "And I have no doubt it is very good. And now go to your rest, Scipio, and leave me alone with Hecuba."

When the old negro had gone Maggie went and sat down by the bed of the sufferer. Hecuba was wasted away almost to a shadow, and the hand which she had thrown up her arm when she was thin and skinwasted even to transparency. She breathed very lightly, and at long intervals, as though the vital organs were gradually losing their power. By and by she moved uneasily, and opened her eyes. The light of those sunken orbs was dim and uncertain, and it seemed to be some moments ere she could collect her senses at all, even for speech.

"Where is my Chaser?" she finally asked. It was in a low, hoarse whisper, and was something of a struggle.

"Charon has gone to rest, good Hecuba." Maggie replied—and shuddered her head lightly over the sufferer's brow.

"Is Horace dead?"

"I hope not."

"I saw his body, bore and bleeding."

"But I hope he may have recovered."

"Where is Andromache?"

"I am here, mother."

"Good Andromache, I am very weak. Give me the cup. Let me quaff the Falernian juice. It strengthened Priam, and it may strengthen me!"

At first Maggie thought only of getting the wine; but as she moved away from the bed it struck her that a remarkable opportunity had taken place in Hecuba's manner. She had never heard the woman speak in so rational a tone before. What did it mean? With this thought in her she stirring her to all sorts of strange imaginings she went to the side board, took up the fatal bottle which John Gingerly had brought. In a moment another thought crossed her mind. As yet Hecuba had received nothing which had passed through the hands of Maggie Burns. There might be no danger. In all probability there was none. Of course the man could not do so wicked a thing as to give deadly wine. She would not disturb such a confidence. And still she had not yet departed from the rule she adopted when she first took charge of the patient. Thus far her own hand had prepared every thing, and at this critical moment she would not depart from her safe course. It would be absurd to change the old principles of things as she meditated over that dust covered bottle. She did not believe—perhaps she did not even think—that there was anything lethal in the ruby wine; but still she had desperated deed of John Gingerly, and she would be single if she could not tell.

"An old recipe," she finally murmured to herself, "there is one perfectly sure course. If I do not use it to-day, it cannot possibly be so many hours.

She had wine of her own—some that Moses Allen had brought her—and she went to her chamber and took a small bottle of it. Then this she poured out a small quantity, and Hecuba drank it.

"Does it make you feel better?" Maggie asked.

The woman gazed up, with a dim look, but did not seem to see anything.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Andromache."

"Then where is Hector?"

"He is away. He may return ere long."

"Where is my—my——" The voice sank to an inaudible whisper, and died away; and once more the maniac sank into a still, deep sleep.

An hour passed away, and Hecuba made no sign or motion of uneasiness. She breathed regularly, though faintly, and upon her brow had gathered a warm moisture. By and by Maggie's eyes rested upon the bottle on the sideboard; and she knew that she would remember it. Should her mother see it, she would wish to know what it was; and if Scipio should see it he would ask why it had not been opened. She did not wish to answer any questions concerning it, because her motives might be very foolish; so she concluded that she would safely it away before the servants. Hecuba was so quiet, and easy that there could be no danger in leaving her a few minutes. She took the bottle and lit it beneath her apron, and carried it down into the kitchen. She met no one upon the stairway, and she saw a sleigh where other bottles stood, and, by the dim light which came down from the stairway, she could see that there other bottles were old and dust-covered, like the one she bore, and she set it up beside them, and then glided back to her place of watching. Maggie felt easier when this was done,—not that she had averted any danger, but because she had put away a thing which might lead to trouble and perplexing questions.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Burns came in, and Maggie went and did the work in her own room, where she could hear Hecuba, and shortly afterwards Hecuba opened her eyes again. The same dim spark was very light, seeming to have no idea of anything about her. She did not appear to see those who stood by her bedside, nor did she take the least notice of what was said to her. Her eyes wandered in a vacant stare, and her hands sought her bosom, and were presently folded there. Her face seemed so very weak, and the palidness of her skin so very ghastly, that Maggie trembled to offer her more wine. When she was asked if she would have some, she shook her head; and when she cup was placed to her lips she drank all that was given her. Then she began to fall into a quiet sound, with that same expressionless stare, and then sank to sleep.

"Is she dying?" asked Mrs. Burns.

"I don't know," was Maggie's answer.

"Or death will take her, and then, forever, rest."

"I fear she is sinking," whispered the maiden, bending over the bed. "Her breathing is very, very low."

"Well, well," murmured the fiendish old woman, "perhaps it is best so. She will not be better off, I hope. O, bress her poor dear soul, how much I had to suffer for her! Did she see her suffer no more?"

This observation was insolent lay like on in a trance.

Towards evening John Gingerly met Scipio in the hall, and asked him how Hecuba was.

"Bress de Lord ob Israel, mas'r, I'se afear's she's a-dyin'. She's been in a trance, she has, long 'bout two hour, an' she can't see nuffin, nor hear nuffin."

"Has she drank of the wine, Scipio?"

"Yes, mas'r; she's drank it two or three times, but I guess 'twasn't help her."

"I am afraid it is for her—very sorry indeed. But do all you can for her, Scipio. Get anything she wants. I will be at home soon, and can get it yourself from the cellar."

As the host went out he felt that a fate that John Gingerly had grown very kind and humane; and he expressed his opinion to Maggie and Mrs. Burns.

When John Gingerly went to his sitting-room he felt sure that the maniac women would soon be out of his way—and then he would be perfectly free to contemplation of the expected result. He laughed to himself, or he felt almost; then he should be perfectly safe when Hecuba was dead and buried.

"Ah, well," he said, "when she is out of my way, I can afford to oppose the Patriot cause if I think it worthy to oppose. There are but few those who will be most likely to protect me in the impersonal affair of Maggie Burns."

John Gingerly was a calculating man.

Then evening came, and the hour came for an ill-use o'clock. The baronet, as he sat by his fire, heard somebody ascend the front steps, and he arose and went to the door, and Louis Griswold quickly entered the apartment.

"My dear Captain, you are just in time. Are your men with you?"

"Yes."

"Bring them in—light into my room—and make no noise. The coast is clear."

In a little while Griswold came in, followed by five well-mounted soldiers, who halted within the drawing-room. Then he went out into the hall, where he found Maggie Burns waiting. The door upon his companions.

"If you have any thing to say, follow to understand that I have anything to do with this" said Sir John.

"No," replied the Captain. "They do not dream of such a thing. They know that I have permitted them to accompany me, but I have not informed them that I have come for any hand was to be done without your knowledge. You may trust me, Sir John, in all your wishes, and you shall not be implicated in the affair. I have come for her—is there to be any chance of taking the prize to-night?"

"I think there is, Captain," Maggie Burns is watching now with the sick woman, and before she retires she will be likely to come down stairs. She always does. You know where the passage is?"

"Yes."

"And you know there are plenty of places for concealment?"

"Yes."

"Then my manage as you please. My servants are all abed, and the rear doors shut. How shall we get you more can I do?"

"Nothing."

Evening came, and the night wore on; but Hecuba did not awake. Maggie sat by and watched her. Scipio was sure she was dying.

At about two o'clock the maiden, having expressed her own fears, "she really seems more natural than before. Her breathing seems more regular, and has none of that spasmodic heaving. And the color of her face, too, is better; her skin does not suffer and warmer. I cannot tell how it will terminate."

"I don't know," answered Maggie. "I doesn't seem to me that she can recover. I feel sad and gloomy."

"I don't wonder," returned her mother, regarding her child anxiously. "You have been watching too long, and are yourself worn and weary. Go you to your bed, Maggie, and I will sleep all last night,and it is my turn to-night."

"No, mother Maggie," I should not rest for change."

"If there is any, I will call you; so have no anxiety on that score. Please me, my child, and go to your rest."

The maiden felt the need of rest, and without further remark she took her candle, and prepared to go. She kissed her mother, and having taken one more look at the sleeping woman, she left the room. She went to her chamber and got her pilcher, as was her custom before she retired, intending to go down and get some water. She had reached the lower hall, and was moving along through the passage that led to the kitchen, when a slight sound close by her side arrested her attention. There was a door at her left hand, and she saw that it was open; and before she could make up further observation, a thick, heavy cloth was thrown over her head, and her arms were seized from behind. Quick as thought she was pulled back upon the floor, the cloth was bound about her neck and shoulders; and her arms bound behind her. She struggled, and tried to cry out, but her limbs were powerless for help, and her voice was completely smothered. In this situation she was lifted up, and borne away out of the house. She knew when she reached the open air, and when the snow began to crunch and creak beneath the tramp of rough voices, but she could distinguish nothing that was said. The cloth was taken from her head, however, and over her neckline heads, passed her exceedingly, and she knew no more.

On, on,—Maggie could not tell how long, nor how far,—and she was thrown upon the back of a horse, where she was held by a stout man who rode behind her. Then it was on again, over the ice and through the snow, until she was fairly benumbed with cold. Finally she horse was drawn up, and she was taken down by the same kind, where she was placed upon a seat; and then the cloth was taken from her shoulders her head. She was in a small, dimly apartment, with a narrow, deep window, through which some hickory logs were burning; the close atmosphere was very warm, and she began to feel so much. Next to her was a low pine table, upon which was a candle, and a pitcher of water, and a lighted candle; while at no great distance from her was the form of a man, whose face upon the blood heaped through her veins so that she could see it. He was in a sitting posture, and she started up from her chair.

"Sir Knight!—now, by my faith, this is a social taste, "you are fairly mine. It was done in a moment, and without noise."

Maggie Burns looked into his face, and her eyes flashed.

"We shall need no mummery of priestly ceremony now, my sweet one. Perhaps you did not expect to find Sir Knight Templar here to-night."

"Louis Griswold, what you do mean?"

"Ah, you know my name, then, my dear. Well, Maggie. They won't have any effect now, only to make your girlish heart flutter a little more, which I mean. Don't you know that I have loved you for a long time, and that I am now in search of your. You didn't think, when you repulsed me so haughtily, that I had any more love for you? Bosh. No, no,—you didn't think of that. But now it is my turn, and you shall see how I can be sure another no more?"

"O, poor, miserable wretch!" said Maggie, shrinking from him with the quickly pace, and her pride of feeling came back to her. The love of such a man as he was was a thing to make him fall in the fire, and stoutly said:

"I don't trouble myself, or not afraid to die. If you harm me, the danger is yours. If you do me wrong, you and I have life to account to me afterwards, I will kill you! Aye,—I will kill you, though I die for it! I am not to be trifled with, sleepless eyes, for the opportunity; and take that with you, and see if you can find me done a righteous deed! It is Maggie Burns that tells you this, Louis Griswold."

The villain took a step back, he could not help it. There was in her eyes a flashing light and a power in her words that absolutely forced him back. He felt that she could do all that in power at the present time, and he fancied that she would do it.

"I have heard Maggie Burns speak," he said, when he had recovered himself, "and I will now listen and here Louis Griswold speak." He said, and he sank into a chair, with a low, mocking sound. "I will put you into a first, loathsome dungeon, where corruption is rank, and there is there but few days to wait for your wooing flesh, and there you shall stay until you are ready to be my bride. You know the only redemption of death comes at all, it shall come in shape as that of love. Now, remember that the martyrs shall be bound to your spirit, and you will be mine."

With all the resolution she could summon the girl gave her hand up her head, and stood down in the face. She knew that to faint before him was worse than death.

"I have heard you," she said, "and you have spoken. Now hear me, and I am your slave!"

"And," returned Griswold, "the night you shall commence your duties. Come here and kiss you sir. You may cool down by morning. You can use any country you like, and you can sleep, you can sleep in your chair, or lie down upon floor. When you grow reasonable, you may have a change of apartment. If you sleep all night, you may be assured that it is a night of peace with me. Now, remember that I am master that no come, if your stubbornness continues! I will see you in the morning, and very early at that!"

With this the villain turned from the room, and Maggie was left alone. The cord upon her arms pained her, and she found a comfortable seat sided she felt weak and faint. In a little while Hecuba did come to her mind, and she remembered the cold and desolate, for even now the icy blast crept in at the door, and the fire burned low. She was no bed and no covering. But what of all this? Was not Hecuba safe, and was not she by just within his reach? He detached it instantly, and stirred it laughingly towards the chairs.

"Pretty well done!" ejaculated Etsallum, in a contented sort of purpose. "Excellent! I really don't slip—eally, I didn't s'pose he could be done!"

Etsallum had blossom Morville Gardens some with long trailing stems and dripping flowers. The baronet's room was dark, for only beds streaked and tinted with delicate crimson. But, just as he turned downward, a slight misstep brought him into deep water—his foot went into a network of sensitive wires, and the last he remembered was a cull striking to his head, and a rushing sound in his ears, like the thunders of Niagara. The down-lights trembled severely over the hills—the water-lilies tossed back and forth upon the disturbed tide, but there was something whither and more ghastly here, that glimmered an instant among their blossom, and then sank slowly—slowly—down!

"I knew how it would be!" ejaculated Etsallum Starkey between his set teeth, as he threw off his coat and sprang breathlessly down the bank. "Gracious Heaven! that a man should risk his life for a few miserable dollars!"

"A little more lot water, mother—don't be afeared of gettin' too much anointed in it—now where's them flannin' wrappers?"

"Here they be," said Widow Starkey. "There's a bit of color coming back to his cheeks now, poor boy—he'll do well enough, I guess! Dear my one gets them knocks out of the heads—it's most a death-grip, I do declare! What on airth possessed you both, Etsallum? Didn't you know 'twas dangerous?"

"Just put 'em into a bucket of water, mother," said Etsallum: "I'll have a fuller's token each pains for the green trash, there isn no need to have 'em all away. Eliza, how d'ye feel now?"

Ellerton Morville lad fillen into very good hands. The Widow Starkey was an excellent nurse, and Etsallum was nearly four stout in his way, so that in an hour or two the subversives young man was by no means convalescent, but growing, was exceedingly comfortable.

"Now you just stay here till I can get up to the village, arter your traps, Squire," said Etsallum, finally, and Morville saw no alternative but to consent as graciously as was possible.

Toward say of the young gentleman's New York acquaintances, who recognized him, as he reclined in a stiff-backed chair, in Widow Starkey's "keep-room," alternately amusing himself with a worn volume of "Alonzo and Melissa," and Etsallum's entire abstinence-library, and feasting his eyes upon the pallid beauty of those dusky-wan water-lilies! We need not. In line of the elegant Turkish dressing gown, Etsallum had loaned him, doubtly, a voodoo "loose gaunt" of Mrs. Starkey's, dyed a brilliant indigo blue, trimmed with many-colored tassles. The sleeves of the sleeves were inexpressible, but a pair of Etsallum's own striped stockings supplied deficiencies in the former department, and the slender feet of Ellerton Morville was instantly a little vain, were encased in the depths of a pair of capacious pair of cowhide shoes, the consistency of tin, and the color of coffee grounds. It was hard to say how long as possible against any *coiffure*, but Widow Starkey was resolute.

"Them shoes low to hatch cold in your head, arter such a soakin' as you've had?" said she, with a decision of manner that left no room for remonstrance, she had kerseied his damp coat and waistcoat before the clock-case nor the three-cornered cupboard were safe from her scrutiny, and she carefully examined the mixed stockings. There wasn't even a hole to raise under, nor a spike to get behind, and the more he jerked at the knot of the slipper, the more firmly it seemed to be tied. Finally, in trying to bust a rotrest, and he revolted the arrival of Miss Arden with a series of dogged desperation.

"Miss Morville, how did you——"

The rest of the sentence was engulfed in pure affair, and Morville scarcely knew himself. Kissed Wayne was mortal, and as he leaned breathless against the door, the dizzy, the tumultuous throbbings of merriment, he could not suppress a sudden thrill of exhilaration at the recollection that Wayne was not engaged, and that his own rival must perforce meet her eyes in this very unfavorable moment.

"Laugh away, Wayne," said Morville, in a tone of mock-reproach, "laugh away. I know it's very ridiculous, and you're exceedingly tempted to indulge in a laugh. It's a way you accuse, if it does you any good."

"Indeed, I am sorry for you, Morville," said Wayne, in broken sentences, "but——"

And Bertha Arden came, and Bertha came in her fair brow a little flushed, and her eyes sparkling with unusual brilliancy. The slightest circumstantial explanations had possessed her of the whole affair, and the deep-red of many blushes soon on the floor bore silent witness to the power she had exercised.

She walked straight up to Morville, and laid her little hand on his with a tenderness of touch that thrilled him with a sense of bliss.

"Mr. Morville," she said, in a slightly tremulous tone, "I have heard how you endangered your life to gratify a passing wish of mine. It is not for me to express gratitude to you, but I assure you it is not unappreciated."

Morville answered lightly on his head.

"I believe I'll go and see where Mrs. Arden is," he said, disengaging his hand, and he drew a dark shadow came over his face.

"Is that cousin worse yet?" he muttered.

"One would imagine the very sight of him pain," answered Wayne, as a lightened away any lingering regard she may have had for him; instead of which, she seems to have directly the reverse way. Well, there's one thing pretty plain—the sooner we get ourselves out of the house, the better to the White Mountains, the better. I wish, though, that Miss Arden was wise enough to go pudding after water-lilies."

And he sauntered down the country road, whistling a somewhat jaunty air that was intended as a knell to his departed hopes and expectations.

Ellerton Morville had listened to Miss Arden's words with a trembling sense of bliss he was so much the simpler sentences themselves as the tone in which they were uttered. The soul, the lingering accent on one or two words, the slight pause, the spoke of more than the letter of words. They had known one another for years, and had been associated in the same family seemed so near together as now.

"Miss Arden," I hope that the former will not be unacceptable to you, Miss Arden?"

"I can assure you, Mr. Morville, you will surely receive my full share."

"How can I?" said Morville, glancing with deprecatory humility at his dress.

For the first time Bertha became aware that her cousin's attire was not quite suited to, or the least of it, and she burst into a gay chime of laughter. Etsallum, Widow Starkey, Cousin Miles Arden's ninth did not waken his ire as much as those.

She carried the precious water-lilies home, and Morville, and that evening, when Mr. Morville was strong enough to return to the village hotel, they had a long whispered conversation about one of the white buds. What it amounted to, nobody ever knew, it was so hemmed in by the honeysuckle lattice on one side and the sweeping curtains of the bay-window on the other.

But Mr. Wayne took his departure the next day, and at the end of the summer there was a brilliant wedding in the great metropolis. Ellerton Morville officiated as bridegroom, and the bride wore in her abundant chestnut curls, another orange-blossom nor jessamine, but only a cream-white water-lily!

WATER LILIES.

A ROMANCE FULL OF REALITY

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The jewelled hands of Miss Arden's little Gem were resting, not rested on the figure seven.

Sunset among the White Mountains! No artist's pencil ever illuminated dainty canvas with half the splendor that glowed upon this most everlasting picture! The sun hung like a circle of amber fire above the tops of those dark hills that seemed to touch heaven. The rosy crests of the frowning peaks, while already the purple shadows of twilight had begun to hover over the fragrant glens and cool recines in the valley below. The carriage-road wound along the mountain side, on one of those shelving slopes that form natural terraces upon our hilltops. Above, a perfect sea of forest, broken into ripples of light and shade by every stir of the delicious wind, rose darkly against the sky; on, while just below a broad sheet of water glistened from its wooded surrounding, like a diamond belt buried in a bank of enamelled moss.

"O, how beautiful—how beautiful!" escaped almost unconsciously from Bertha Arden's lips as she leaned with crimson cheeks, and clasped hands, from the carriage-window, her brown curls blowing back from her face, in very picturesque confusion, by the capricious summer breeze. She had looked prettier at Saratoga—at the height city belle, in her straw gipsey, with its broad blue ribbon, and a white toreign muslin dress that floated around her like a cloud—at the ball-room, in the crowded ball-room, robed in rose-colored silk, with jessamine in her hair and pearls around her wrists? So thought the two gentlemen who occupied the front seats of the carriage, given up the brilliant colors of Saratoga and the Wall Street of Newport, to accompany Miss Arden into those pine-guarded solitudes, on the borders of which dwelt the maiden whose name so gracious glance from the beauty of the season.

"Miss Arden," said Mr. Morville, "you are not going to be too general a resort—as we going to-night, in the gentle ecstasy of the glorious old White Mountains! And in less than a week Bertha Arden and Morville descended from their carriage, and were soon lost in the crowd.

Well, it was but a pretty slight spot," said Etsallum Starkey, the free and independent young gentleman who was carrying on a flirtation of etiquette to join graciously in the conversation.

"It was pretty enough," said Morville, who was watching the lovely and animated countenance before him, and was scarcely wondering why how long it would be ere he might safely indulge in the luxury of a sigh.

"Pretty enough," resumed the young gentleman, "what are those exquisite flowers like white, that I see growing among the lilies-pads, and upon the surface of the water?"

"Nelumbium," explained Etsallum, with laudable sanctimoness.

"Nelumbium! Are those beautiful pads so royal in? O, if I only had a few!"

"If you'll be get *ot*, sedow—water's tee shaller for a boat, and too deep to wade in, 'cause the bottom's so soft it is a quag. Miss Arden, a vanter—Ebenezer Stubbins tried to get some, to his sorrow—you remember, Miss Arden, how he was married, and he like to got drowned?"

"Mr. Morville," said Bertha, "there is no actual impossibility should prevent me from gratifying my wish, I believe?" said Howard Wayne, lightly. "Are you sure I could not obtain a few, or a part of a few?"

"Certin sure, Squire," responded Etsallum, chewing assiduously away at a bit of straw.

"Then I will make the trial," said Wayne, lightly perceptible pout of her scarlet under-lip. "Morville, will you accompany me?"

But long after the horses were moving noiselessly along toward out, Bertha sat in the waxen stars that lay in motionless on the crystal lake. The sun had gone down, and Ellerton Morville observed the white snow with a quiet smile, and a slight contraction of pain.

The air was full of blue, transparent haze—the moon was all alive with silver-veined lights, and along the eastern sky the crimson stains of sunset were mingling with the silver sheen of the moon. The wild roses on the quiet shore of that lonely little bathers were just opening their pink cups, when Morville and Etsallum Starkey approached the drooping branches and emerged into the open space.

"I hear I was got some," said Morville, carelessly, and with a slight tone of irony in his voice, "and I am very glad to hear it."

"And," returned Griswold, "the night you shall commence your duties. Come here and kiss you sir. You may cool down by morning. You can use any country you like, and you can sleep, you can sleep in your chair, or lie down upon floor. When you grow reasonable, you may have a change of apartment. If you sleep all night, you may be assured that it is a night of peace with me. Now, remember that I am master that no come, if your stubbornness continues! I will see you in the morning, and very early at that!"

With this the villain turned from the room, and Maggie was left alone. The cord upon her arms pained her, and she found a comfortable seat sided she felt weak and faint. In a little while Hecuba did come to her mind, and she remembered the cold and desolate, for even now the icy blast crept in at the door, and the fire burned low. She was no bed and no covering. But what of all this? Was not Hecuba safe, and was not she by just within his reach? He detached it instantly, and stirred it laughingly towards the chairs.

"Pretty well done!" ejaculated Etsallum, in a contented sort of purpose. "Excellent! I really don't slip—eally, I didn't s'pose he could be done!"

Etsallum had blossom Morville Gardens some with long trailing stems and dripping flowers. The baronet's room was dark, for only beds streaked and tinted with delicate crimson. But, just as he turned downward, a slight misstep brought him into deep water—his foot went into a network of sensitive wires, and the last he remembered was a cull striking to his head, and a rushing sound in his ears, like the thunders of Niagara. The down-lights trembled severely over the hills—the water-lilies tossed back and forth upon the disturbed tide, but there was something whither and more ghastly here, that glimmered an instant among their blossom, and then sank slowly—slowly—down!

"I knew how it would be!" ejaculated Etsallum Starkey between his set teeth, as he threw off his coat and sprang breathlessly down the bank. "Gracious Heaven! that a man should risk his life for a few miserable dollars!"

"A little more lot water, mother—don't be afeared of gettin' too much anointed in it—now where's them flannin' wrappers?"

"Here they be," said Widow Starkey. "There's a bit of color coming back to his cheeks now, poor boy—he'll do well enough, I guess! Dear my one gets them knocks out of the heads—it's most a death-grip, I do declare! What on airth possessed you both, Etsallum? Didn't you know 'twas dangerous?"

"Just put 'em into a bucket of water, mother," said Etsallum: "I'll have a fuller's token each pains for the green trash, there isn no need to have 'em all away. Eliza, how d'ye feel now?"

Ellerton Morville lad fillen into very good hands. The Widow Starkey was an excellent nurse, and Etsallum was nearly four stout in his way, so that in an hour or two the subversives young man was by no means convalescent, but growing, was exceedingly comfortable.

"Now you just stay here till I can get up to the village, arter your traps, Squire," said Etsallum, finally, and Morville saw no alternative but to consent as graciously as was possible.

Toward say of the young gentleman's New York acquaintances, who recognized him, as he reclined in a stiff-backed chair, in Widow Starkey's "keep-room," alternately amusing himself with a worn volume of "Alonzo and Melissa," and Etsallum's entire abstinence-library, and feasting his eyes upon the pallid beauty of those dusky-wan water-lilies! We need not. In line of the elegant Turkish dressing gown, Etsallum had loaned him, doubtly, a voodoo "loose gaunt" of Mrs. Starkey's, dyed a brilliant indigo blue, trimmed with many-colored tassles. The sleeves of the sleeves were inexpressible, but a pair of Etsallum's own striped stockings supplied deficiencies in the former department, and the slender feet of Ellerton Mr. Morville was instantly a little vain, were encased in the depths of a pair of capacious pair of cowhide shoes, the consistency of tin, and the color of coffee grounds. It was hard to say how long as possible against any *coiffure*, but Widow Starkey was resolute.

"Them shoes low to hatch cold in your head, arter such a soakin' as you've had?" said she, with a decision of manner that left no room for remonstrance, she had kerseied his damp coat and waistcoat before the clock-case nor the three-cornered cupboard were safe from her scrutiny, and she carefully examined the mixed stockings. There wasn't even a hole to raise under, nor a spike to get behind, and the more he jerked at the knot of the slipper, the more firmly it seemed to be tied. Finally, in trying to bust a rotrest, and he revolted the arrival of Miss Arden with a series of dogged desperation.

"Miss Morville, how did you——"

The rest of the sentence was engulfed in pure affair, and Morville scarcely knew himself. Kissed Wayne was mortal, and as he leaned breathless against the door, the dizzy, the tumultuous throbbings of merriment, he could not suppress a sudden thrill of exhilaration at the recollection that Wayne was not engaged, and that his own rival must perforce meet her eyes in this very unfavorable moment.

"Laugh away, Wayne," said Morville, in a tone of mock-reproach, "laugh away. I know it's very ridiculous, and you're exceedingly tempted to indulge in a laugh. It's a way you accuse, if it does you any good."

"Indeed, I am sorry for you, Morville," said Wayne, in broken sentences, "but——"

And Bertha Arden came, and Bertha came in her fair brow a little flushed, and her eyes sparkling with unusual brilliancy. The slightest circumstantial explanations had possessed her of the whole affair, and the deep-red of many blushes soon on the floor bore silent witness to the power she had exercised.

She walked straight up to Morville, and laid her little hand on his with a tenderness of touch that thrilled him with a sense of bliss.

"Mr. Morville," she said, in a slightly tremulous tone, "I have heard how you endangered your life to gratify a passing wish of mine. It is not for me to express gratitude to you, but I assure you it is not unappreciated."

Morville answered lightly on his head.

"I believe I'll go and see where Mrs. Arden is," he said, disengaging his hand, and he drew a dark shadow came over his face.

"Is that cousin worse yet?" he muttered.

"One would imagine the very sight of him pain," answered Wayne, as a lightened away any lingering regard she may have had for him; instead of which, she seems to have directly the reverse way. Well, there's one thing pretty plain—the sooner we get ourselves out of the house, the better to the White Mountains, the better. I wish, though, that Miss Arden was wise enough to go pudding after water-lilies."

And he sauntered down the country road, whistling a somewhat jaunty air that was intended as a knell to his departed hopes and expectations.

Ellerton Morville lad listened to Miss Arden's words with a trembling sense of bliss he was so much the simpler sentences themselves as the tone in which they were uttered. The soul, the lingering accent on one or two words, the slight pause, the spoke of more than the letter of words. They had known one another for years, and had been associated in the same family seemed so near together as now.

"Miss Arden," I hope that the former will not be unacceptable to you, Miss Arden?"

"I can assure you, Mr. Morville, you will surely receive my full share."

"How can I?" said Morville, glancing with deprecatory humility at his dress.

For the first time Bertha became aware that her cousin's attire was not quite suited to, or the least of it, and she burst into a gay chime of laughter. Etsallum, Widow Starkey, Cousin Miles Arden's ninth did not waken his ire as much as those.

She carried the precious water-lilies home, and Morville, and that evening, when Mr. Morville was strong enough to return to the village hotel, they had a long whispered conversation about one of the white buds. What it amounted to, nobody ever knew, it was so hemmed in by the honeysuckle lattice on one side and the sweeping curtains of the bay-window on the other.

But Mr. Wayne took his departure the next day, and at the end of the summer there was a brilliant wedding in the great metropolis. Ellerton Morville officiated as bridegroom, and the bride wore in her abundant chestnut curls, another orange-blossom nor jessamine, but only a cream-white water-lily!

PRAYERS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

What shall I give Thee, O, my Saviour,
What now give Thee?
Behind within the dewy splendor
Of this morning calm and tender,
What now give Thee?

I will give Thee, O, my Saviour
I will give Thee,
My all penitentially weeping,
My soul's idol in Thy keeping,
I will give Thee!

Thou'lt give Thee, O, my Saviour,
This gift give Thee!
One untarnished, one unbroken,
My soul's-self-most sacred token,
Now I give Thee!

Let me love Thee, O, my Saviour,
Let me love Thee!
Let me love Thee with a love that
For the love I long denied Thee
Let me love Thee!

Let me give Thee, O, my Saviour,
My life! Not new to prove me,
Now to prove at last, I love Thee,
This I give Thee.

Thou'lt give Thee, O, my Saviour,
This gift give Thee!
Praying but my love may allay,
Praying but my spirit take
While I give Thee.

Lest I leave Thee, O, my Saviour,
Lest I lose Thee,
From the Unseen draw Thou nearer,
Let my vision see Thy closer,
Lest I so Thee!

Draw Thou nearer, O, my Saviour,
Draw Thou nearer!
Lest the life my life has shaken
Loose from mine, refuse to waken
Love still dearer.

I'll draw nearer, O, my Saviour
I'll draw nearer
Though with slow step faltering frailly,
Let my soul slumbered soul awaken,
Draw still nearer.

Will Thou save me, O, my Saviour,
Will Thou save me?
From the world-way steep and sterile,
From the pleasant path of peril,
Will Thou save me?

Will Thou help me, O, my Saviour,
Will Thou help me,
Here to weep Thy mercy's weakness,
Mirrors of human want and weakness,
Will Thou help me?

Will Thou hear me, O, my Saviour,
Will Thou hear me?
Will Thou hear my piteous pleading,
Me the love Thy child is needing,
Will Thou hear me?

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
Never leave me!
Let no fool Thy pity hiding,
Let me feel Thy love abiding,
Never leave me!

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
Never leave me!
From the failing of my morning,
To my evening's solemn warning,
Never leave me!

Never leave me, O, my Saviour,
Never leave me!
Here my spirit's last faint crying,
Hark my heart where I am dying,
Never leave me!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY STOCKING.

The employment which had been, by so peculiar an accident, put into the way of little Ida, was singularly adapted to her, and she took to it accordingly, very shortly becoming of so much service to Mrs. Rochester, that during the lady's frequent appeals to every one who was aware of the fact, whether she had not known what she was about when she "hit on" the "bit of a thing," as she had just called it, she had but wanted in her business. Whether it were so, or whether the child's interest there was to be employed in some profitable manner made up for any deficiency of genius, as it did for that of her body, certain it was that she did acquit herself essentially well in all the parts of her letter to perform, and, in the actual stringing of the pearls, couldn't be thrown in public uses; and, what was really valuable to Mrs. Rochester, such a remarkable quickness in detecting a damaged or defective article, by the adoption of which into a piece of ornamental work much time had often been lost and trouble occasioned to the poor woman, whose sight was now very weak and who had known the labor of many a long day thrown away on the mounting consequent on such an error, before she had learned the value of her little assistant's services in that way.

"She's worth all the money to me, if it was only for that," the good-natured woman said, when comparing the invaluable qualities of the child *together*. "If it's only them that has known what it is to spend half the night undoing what it took you best part of the day to make up; and then the worst never to look as if it had been so."

Ida gloried not more in her advance of importance into full favor in the household than it gave him of adding to his good offices with his friends.

Stocker was occasionally and a sort of Accustom at the "Little Jewel," of which dramatic epigram Ida's firm did the title, not having yet read the notice—Tom's delight. He was applointed by Jewel his first critic on her success in Stocker's.

This was a grand step in the progress of their friendship, and Tom felt himself considerably risen in importance when he became the self-constituted champion of feminine youth and beauty.

He was tall enough to vindicate him from the charge of being "a mere child," and deportment enough to give the lie to the self-gratulation of smallness. Though she was not pretty, there was something singularly attractive in her pale, characteristic features, and large, dark, melancholy eyes; and many a fine young dame caught her, would pause and turn, when she had passed, to ask themselves again what it could be in that child which had arrested their attention from the crowd. She had a way, too, after long pauses of thought, of putting each unlooked for question, random, sometimes, to Tom—who, to do him justice, however, seldom likened himself to appear at a loss; and he got into a way of wondering to himself what she would call next—and, unconsciously, took to priming himself in readiness: which—his nerve having also slightly risen with the increase of forthcoming power—doubtless resulted in the stowing up of much miscellaneous knowledge in Tom's cranium, for to be found wanting by his adoring disciple was a thing not to be tolerated for a moment.

So, although widely different in many points of disposition and character, these two throve in their friendship, and were, in fact, mutually dependent on each other for what each needed most; and Nelly, who, since the little adventure of the ring and the halfcrown, mistrusted every one in London streets, found a great comfort in the knowledge of the staunch protector her child had in Tom.

Her own work, though but poorly paid, was regular; and she had an additional satisfaction in seeing more of Ida, and, in the cheerfulness and gratification of her new employ, was increasing in health and spirits visibly.

"Not but what she'd be as well again, I know, if she got more exercise," little Mrs. Stocker would say, "but then we's bit her cross the street alone; sets her face against her going out, over that; and she's hear of her, and there, or might be trusted with untold gold, I believe, taking her for a walk, over Sunday's, if she can't go with 'em. It's tenseness, between you and me, you know. The girl's got a mind of her way in the world, and the sooner she finds out what it's made of the better for her."

This was the good woman's logic, which she was apt to employ on extreme occasions—though in her own case, hardly proved, since she had certainly used her opportunities of making acquaintance with the world to select one of its least favorable specimens with whom to unite herself. But as she was wont to say, "there was no knowing what Bill might have been, but for his drink."

Bill, she adhered most conscientiously to the wishes of Mr. Ellis, however much he differing from them, and performed in person all those errands which she would else have delegated to her young assistant, in pure desire to benefit her by exercise and fresh air.

But Ida really liked her work. There was something exciting in the delivery of the scenes in the handling of the smooth, round, tender pearls from Mrs. Rochester, which Stocker always gave them out to be so "fine subtle"; in the proper position of threading them, with the slight exercise of dexterity necessary, was agreeable to her, which might have been detestable contentment and dreary monotony to many another young person. Again, it left her tongue and lips free; and they were seldom idle, at least when she was alone, or, indeed, if otherwise.

One morning, when the matter of regalia and embroidery of kingly purple, went out in quest of an opposite dainty on which she declared she was "hungry as a hunter," and which, being nothing very particular in hand, long might she be well fed with such, "And, darkey, you should come, too, but I must call on Mother Rochester to appoint a new and wanting done, and your mother would think I don't know what's what to engage. If I was to the house of an actress, though I believe-in's' quite another thing, for I've seen them sometimes here there; you know what to get on with, yes?"

"Oh, yes." Ida knew what to do, and did not at all want to see, but would have doubted that quite by the time she came back.

"You'd an apology of a child to-day, you'd say old-fashioned, hard-working thing! You just get up my clothes and your own, and put them look out of the window, and I'll see and bring you back a few flowers, if I can buy hands on any for such a day."

With this good-natured rebuke, the kindly but careless woman quitted the room, and pulling on a thick veil to hinder the sun ground—Bill Stocker, like Ida, having no appointed time or junction with her eye. It was the other one this time; the servant was getting up paid every by between the two organs of vision, affording a "striking" proof that it is not always the tall offender on whom punishment falls; there was a slight preponderance in the proportion of the two brown eyes, failed though they were.

There was a rare autumn sunshine struggling into the room, just over the corner where the child sat; she felt its warmth, and, as if to show its welcome radiance to herself, she began, Queen Cheops-like, to sing—but opposite to the sort, quiet, increasing way, till the sound quickened the work, and the work quickened sing and sang and worked, till she might have been uttering strange words, for aught she knew to the serious now. She never heard the old cricket chirp from the hearth, or the sparrows twit from the jingle-jangle, giving signs that some one was approaching the door better than she, or that a load of her own, singing out from her very heart, might have been heard by another than herself.

"Is Mrs. Stocker at home, do you think? I have rung several times," a lady asked of the woman who opened the door in response to the passage.

"I don't know, I'm sure, miss, but I think she is, and likely enough she don't hear the bell for singing."

"Yes, she might as well," for, to say truth, the lady's intelligence had been taken in the act of singing; and she had the particular curiosity of wishing to see what kind of person it was that heaven from whom it might proceed.

"How very sweet!" she said to herself, as she went up the staircase that led to the room, "my own song—line notes, but very, very sweet! It's, it is the same."

The lady ascended a few more steps, then stood, with her head almost on a level with that of the room whence the sound issued. She held her breath, as if in the presence of something to be listened with the most profound intentness and the finished song, she stood for a few seconds, her brows and liver in her breath when fallen upon her own ear.

She sapped once very lightly at the door, then, as no answer came, she broke open the door and entered.

The song was just coming to a close with a beautiful expression of an original between, at which the lady smiled, going around the room in the meantime, for it was now perfectly free from company.

A scream, she cried, in a corner opposite to the window, a childish figure rested on a stool, clasped in her arms, her head bowed, her forehead, and a black sack. It was stooping forward, as if to catch a picture that fell from her the long black curls, which the one ray of sunshine had to visit and gloss of.

Advancing on tiptoe again, she crossed, and saw that the singer was asleep, and was laying over some long strings of pearls which lay in her lap, and which seemed to have been dropped by the lady thought to herself, and, indeed, the next moment proved her right, as an expression of for the artist's study. She was dressed in black velvet—lace to ankles—trimmed with white; she wore a black velvet hat, with a white cravat feather lightly tipped with scarlet; her hair was cut in the prevailing fashion, and showed, to the profusion of thick, massive curls, that, although it had all other appearance of youth, it could have given her an appearance of singularity. Her eyes were dark and sparkling, her skin pale, but features not particularly attractive, the mouth being large and full, but with an expression of winning good humor upon it, that none could fail to be favorably impressed. Her figure was rather inclined to fullness, but she moved with lightness and alertness, if not grace.

Such was the apparition which met the astonished gaze of Ida, as she lifted up her head at the conclusion of her song and her work together.

"Don't be frightened," the visitor hastened to say. "Where is your mother?"

"At home, ma'am," replied the child; then a sudden dread seizing her, she exclaimed, "Is she ill, ma'am? oh, is anything the matter with her?"

"What do you mean? how should I know?" the lady said, half laughing. "If she's not home, where is she?" she added, looking round.

"My mother, ma'am, here?"

"Are Mrs. Rochester your mother, then?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," Ida replied, much relieved, "but she is out, and——"

"And you are tweaking my pearls, and singing my song, you cold-blooded little moral, you?"

The lady burst out laughing at the evident dismay which spread itself over the countenance of the child, as she returned a step or two backward, and looked up, saying, "Oh, ma'am, ma'am!"

"Yes; where did you hear it, you extraordinary witch of the world, you? Why, you had laughter and tears in your voice when you sang it! Where did you hear it, you?"

"If you please, ma'am, at the playhouse, where Tom and Mrs. Rochester took me one night."

"And who sang it?"

"A lady——"

"A lady-ess!" her lungs eyes opened wider, she gazed again at the figure before her, looking from it to the pearls, which were of little more than down before, and behind, and around the lady's feet.

"Ma'am, she had your hair——"

"And my hair, you idol! Like her indeed, I think."

"Are you, ma'am! Oh, if Tom——"

At that moment Mrs. Stocker ran, out of breath, into the room.

"Oh, madam! oh, dear! I now your excuse—I'm in the wrong, I own, I am, I'm run the way; I've been to your house, madam. To Mrs. Rochester's, which I thought was yours."

"Pray take breath, Mrs. Stocker, take breath and begin again, for you have given no apology for any two. You just interrupted a very interesting conversation between this child and me. Is about Tom?"

"Tom referred to Ida, but the child had apparently forgotten all but the fact of who stood in the flesh before her. She stood with her mouth open, her eyes fixed in a sort of ecstasy, upon the singer whose powers had enchanted her for life.

"Do you know I caught this young lady singing away here to herself as if she had got a whole audience in the garret? I'll be bound I now some here; but she may have the power of singing before them, for that's about the cold-blooded, little piece of work that it is."

"Who and what is she, Stocker?"

"Mrs. Rochester's child, ma'am, or as a sent for the lady, who, as if used to such visits, threw aside her heavy cloak, and, with quite between them of the costly velvet, her the glitter of the embroidered collars and cuffs, and the gold that were seen by the wrapt child. She stood in no attitude for the lady to catch—the dress and pearls hanging from her hands, her lips forcing and reforcing into one set of words, which would not come—her eyes fixed upon the face of her benefactress.

Mrs. Stocker, meanwhile, in a few words, told what we have seen of Ida's history.

"Oh!" the lady said, as the other finished, "I see, I see. I'm sure that little woman is meant for something more than the stringing of strings, Stocker. I'll see what I can do for her. Come here, here, and tell me now—quick!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

It was a chill, autumnal day, when they hid the long-ailing, enfeebled old man, the latter of the London citizens, to his last rest. The broadcloth clouds seemed loath to descend, yet threatening, for the sun had not shone for days, but perceptibly moisten the biting wind that blew sharply, bearing with it the sound of the passed over in its course.

The funeral was a respectable and most meagre in appearance, the funeral was not a pauper's. The poor girl they had accounted to her room with articles of furniture, with the exception of the diamond set which she had left in the casket, made up the small sum for laying her miserable pauper at least decently in the ground. To mourn for her she could make little pretence. The dress of habitual poverty was black, and she had not, as taker, himself of the very humblest in his craft, had a boy's grief been the only one to make provision for her bosom; so for her outward appearances here could be no change. Within, and from Heaven that was deep enough.

It was so violent, and overwhelming—say, gentlemen, is there not a sacredness in the grief of woman, who had, as a matter of course, mastered every one of her emotions?—that it was terrible.

They should have thought it would be a good thing when it was over. Oh, no! The child regularly fled with the old man, and not a moment's peace was to be given to her. She is grumbling and growling."

"Yes, it is, it is," he as that, certainly, but she was not without surprise at her friend's unusual display of sensibility. She had not the slightest conception of the desolate scene at home, but she knew that Nelly was a widow, and thinking a friend might be sorrowful, she was not.

It was not the tone of conversation, but of levity, and Nelly was shocked at the impression of which she involuntarily listened.

"Oh, Tom, you're a fool!" the girl cried, discreetly, and between heartwarming sobs, "and you don't know what you're talking of. To take away the temptation—oh, forgive me! I know you don't mean it, but you don't help me to be right—at this time, at this time of all others—and I'm not a fool, and I'm not a weak—oh, God! give me strength, and help me!"

She prayed in the very frenzy of despair, and with the dread of some impending danger evidently upon her mind. Tom was startled, amazed at such a moment, and withdrew; how she effected her escape to the fatherless, and to the lonely, long ere she forgave herself for not having stood at all other moments by her side, for the poor girl's desolate condition.

Nelly rushed into her own room, made up her fire, and prepared the refreshing cup of tea; for the cold was penetrating, and the child in her rain was beginning to fall now; she made such little additions to the meal as were within her means, and once more descended the stairs. The door stood open—Nelly tapped lightly, then pushed it open. The room was empty, with the exception of the press bedstead, which was by the window, and on the mattress such separate articles of the bed furniture nearly folded; on the top by a note, which to Nelly went forward—wondering, and seeking some traces of her friend—she saw was addressed to herself. She took it up, wondering more, but still expecting to hear or see Agnes anyone. But, no, every scrap of anything also had been removed; true, there had been no more than a tolerably-filled basket would contain, for the workboard, even, had been removed by the undertaker's man, and accepted by him as part payment of the funeral charges.

A strange dread took possession of her mind as she took the note, and went slowly up the stairs to her own room; where, having lighted a candle, she read its contents—

"Mrs. Frankland.—You must forgive me for going away without bidding you good-bye, but I have not the heart to do anything upon me lately, and it would be no good telling you, for you will not help me in it, and I know what you would say. I know I am very wrong and wicked, and I try to help it. I have prayed, and struggled very hard against wrong thoughts; but oh! they are so strong, and I have no strength, and I have no help. I have not left Mrs. Smith that I have left the bedstead and the rest of the children for the rent: she said we day she would not mind taking them, and I have no money lately. "Good-bye and God bless you, and thank you for all your kindness.

"Agnes Lee!" She had succumbed to her fate, now that her father no longer claimed her care, and had engaged in the cold waters of the river that rest which she had so long and so vainly sought for under the pressure of poverty.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death."

The letter of Agnes was not easy to decipher; Tom had blundered in it was written; and, before it was read through, other tears were falling on the baffling words.

"Oh, dear, dear! If I had but known!" was the cry of the whole end of the sad story of this melancholy farewell. "Why hadn't she told me? Why hadn't she let me help her, poor dear, poor, poor girl? What can it be, I wonder, that is to be?"

But there was no answer to help her to a solution of the mystery, and the night broke of the morning wind, which sent the rain sharply against the window-pane, and made her shiver on the bed of the poor unfortunate, who might have been now sitting by that warm fire, and looking on her school by the confidence of the sorrows to a friend.

Nelly had no time in making Mrs. Smith aware of the circumstances. The landlady hastened to the room of the deceased in question, and was partly satisfied that she should be at least no loser by the default of Agnes. But to any extent, share Nelly's uneasiness. "The young woman always was odd," she thought, "and held herself like above other folks, which never will do, if she is to settle in life; and to make her way in the world. Whether there was anything wrong in her head, through the death of the old man, and that she might be gone down to the river, or what, I can't say, but it would be no good to her as the money, and just the thing as she was wanting for her New Bed and Bill, and the children, and I'm sure such a one for the twelve shillin's, let alone the bed and the quilt and all."

So talked interested greed, while humble sympathy scarcely incurred the abrupt dismission from her sometime acquaintance; for, when she was more accustomed to the ill-used habits around her, Nelly had ever entertained a secret dread of the one who had manifested on the first recognizance of her hard destiny to her, and given her a welcome where she had scarcely dared call her friend, and the disappearance of Agnes struck to the heart with a sickening sense of the mockness of old events.

She could have been very long gone," Nelly said, interrupting the landlady's pungency of remark, "for I was there not above an hour minutes ago, and then I heard her in the room. I shall run up the street and look about; if she is there, I'll have her back, poor thing!"

"You might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, Mrs. Frankton," for Nelly had not taken her assumed name,) "and it's coming on to rain, and you'll get your death of cold. Stop her slant over her head, and proceeded down the street, her mind accustomed to her room while talking. The landlady followed her, and with a few words of parting reflection on the folly of it took her lodgers. She called to Ned and Bill to come in, and resumed the interrupted but special domain.

Nelly had gone before she was convinced of the utter inutility of pursuing such a search as she had under the circumstances. It was Saturday night; and, in the crowded thoroughfares on which she had run, the confusion of the road, rife in all the usual accompaniments of a Saturday night's wet, which, to those who know, no description, and of which any words of mine must fail to convey an adequate idea to those who never witnessed the scene of the mash, dispute, conspicuities, vociferous declamation, too often ending in blows and bloodshed.

How could she possibly hope, even should Agnes have remained in the neighborhood, to gain her in all that swallowing, eager throng, so many on which were pressing? Oh, it was a cross street, too, which would she have taken? Nelly paused as she emerged into the comparatively thoroughfare, where the lights at the shops and the stalls were more visible, and looked up and down, and then, as still expecting to hear or see Agnes anyone. But, no, every scrap of anything also had been removed; true, there had been no more than a tolerably-filled basket would contain, for the workboard, even, had been removed by the undertaker's man, and accepted by him as part payment of the funeral charges.

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SUMMER SONNET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Broken stanzas, that are bold on water."
Jerusalem Sad and Tile.

High noon at Summer, and the sublime hours
Unmitigated, with a triple heat,
To lady nest the dreeping weather turns,
The pastoral herds to quiet beeches retreat,

And half submerg'd, the spirited cattle toss,
Amid the panting cornfields where he wrought,
The weary husbandman shrews his tow'ring locks,
And from his canteen quaffs the home-brew'd draught.

But thou, oh panting human heart, set flying
To broken cisterns thy lot there to seek and find,
And baffled still, the fruitless labor plying,
Through all contented for a fortune's aim,
To seek the shelter of that Rock of trust,
Jehovah's Name, which stands, when all beside is dust.
Hartford, Connecticut.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

One evening, about sunset, during the summer of 1781, a lady, living in one of the middle counties of Virginia, was standing in the door of her dwelling, a pleasant farm-house, when a huge, powerful man, mounted on a rather jaded-looking horse, rode up in front, and civilly asked if himself and beast could be accommodated for the night—adding, with a grim smile, that he feared his good looks and good opinion would have to be her only reward, as he had not a penny to show himself with.

"Are you an American soldier?" inquired the lady in turn, looking at his soiled and worn but what rugged garments, all covered with dust from head to foot, and with certain spots that have made some pretensions to an undress uniform, and observing with the same inquisitive glance, that he wore an uncommonly long sabre at his side, and had pistols in his holsters.

"Well, ma'am, no, so please you, I may say I've seen some service in the Continental army," he replied. "I was at Stony Point, Brandywine, Monmouth, the Cowpens, Camden and Guilford Court-House, and to mention all the other actions that might occur to me if I was to stop and think them all up."

"If you have spoken the truth," rejoined the lady, "you are a hero worthy of what I can do for you; and if you have not, you are strong enough to take by force what I can not, so I venture to offer you the best hospitality my house affords."

"Nay," said the stranger, a slight flush passing over his dark, sunburnt countenance, and his black eyes glittering with resentment, "if you're any doubts of my telling you the truth, I'll go on. My horse can crop something by the way-side, and I can sleep, fasting, in the open air, as I've done many a time before this."

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the lady, advancing and offering her hand; "if I have any doubts at first, your words, look and manner have removed them. Dismount, sir, and come in, and my servants shall at once attend to your horse."

"Excuse me, ma'am," returned the soldier, "but I always make it a point to attend to my horse myself. I'll just ride to the barn and feed her him, and then I'll come in and make myself, and thank you."

The lady sent a servant boy to show him the stable, and then set about having a hot supper prepared at the best her house afforded. Less than half an hour the soldier came in, stooping a little at the door, and carrying a gun in very close to the ceiling, which proved that he was over six feet in hight. He was also large for his stature, and his weight exceeded two hundred and fifty pounds. His strength was according to his size; and being young, active, and light on his feet, with the courage and daring of a lion, he had naturally become one of the most formidable foes, in a single, hand-to-hand encounter, that any Britisher ever met, and his contest with. In fact, no single foe had ever stood long before him. His heavy sword, the fact in the blade, which few men would care to handle with two hands, he could wield like a feather with one, and was to the use, no matter what his skill, who ventured to close with him on the field of battle.

The lawn a pale, intellectual lady of forty-five, dressed in black, and with a countenance expressive of habitual sorrow, seated herself to rence the conversation the moment she sodier appeared, and after one or two commonplace inquiries and remarks, she observed, with a good deal of feeling:

"You mentioned one battle, sir, that caused my heart to beat sadly—Brandywine. Did you ever happen to hear or learn of a young, and commissioned officer by the name of Loudon—Edward Loudon?"

"Yes, ma'am, I marched side by side with poor Ned when he was but a boy-ensign at Brandywine. He was badly wounded by a musket ball shortly after, and I lost sight of him but on our retreat I found him, picked him up, and carried him a quarter of a mile. I was in hopes to have got him clear off; but some troopers got sight of me, and I was obliged to leave him to take care of myself. Ah! poor fellow! I for he died there of his wound."

"Your name, sir?" demanded the lady, excitedly.

"Peter Francisco."

"God bless you, sir, for your kindness to my poor boy!" she cried, with tearful eyes, springing forward and grasping his huge hand in both of hers.

"Tore boy, ma'am?"

"Yes, Edward Loudon was my only son, and I gave him to his country. His father was then living, but in feeble health, and died shortly after his departure. For nearly four years I have been a childless mother. But Edward did not die where you left him, my friend. The British commonly conveyed him to a place with their own wounded, and he lived long enough to write me a farewell letter, which I still have, and in which he mentions you as a noble hero. Here! you shall read the letter yourself."

"Ahe, ma'am, that I can't do!" sighed Peter. "They tell me if I'd been able to read I might have been promotion before now; but I never had the chance to learn, and so I'm what you see. I believe your story, ma'am, all the same though, and am glad to have you, and I'll tried to write to you, and get direct treatment from the British, for in his every one that does that, and I reckon these house-burning thieves of Tarleton's, that I'm now on the hunting for, would have made short work of the brave lad."

"I am so glad to have met you, to thank you for your kindness to my dear boy!" said Mrs. Loudon, wiping her eyes. "I have often heard of you, and we have your face."

"I'spose you've not been troubled here yet by any of Tarleton's cursed legion?" said Peter.

"No; but I know not how soon I may be. The marauders have come so twice passed within a few miles of here, plundering and burning. God help us! how the war drags on! Shall we never have peace again? If I had a dozen sons they should all go; and if General Washington would take me, I would go myself."

In like manner the conversation continued till Peter Francisco had finished his supper and expressed a wish to retire, when he was shown to a room above stairs, where, throwing himself upon a comfortable bed, and not dreaming of danger, he was soon fast asleep.

He had not slept more than an hour, however, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door, accompanied by a gruff, imperious demand for instant admittance.

"Who are you? and what do you seek?" inquired the voice of the hostess.

"We are soldiers of George the Third, and demand admittance in the King's name!—for the rest, you'll find out as we go along what we want."

"One minute, gentlemen, and I will open the door to you!" replied Mrs. Loudon, "and I will trust to your honor to use me well."

"Well, and you must as well as you deserve," growled the British officer.

Peter Francisco was on his feet in an instant, and, hastily pulling on his boots, he seized his sword and pistols in his holsters.

"Who's awake?" she whispered to Francisco.

"Yes, ma'am—all right."

"You had better make your appearance only in case of necessity, lest out of the window, which is not high from the ground, and escape."

"Never mind me, ma'am, but make haste and let the thieves in!" returned the brave soldier, who already had an inkling through his mind.

The widow hurried down stairs and unbolted the door.

"Want supper for ten," said the leader abruptly, "and a bed for the soldiers, to see to feed our horses. Any men about the house?"

"Not a man, sir, and five here along with my servants. I will hasten to get you a lantern. You must be very gentlemen. Will you not all come in and take something to drink before you get upon your horses? I have some very excellent peach brandy here."

"Well, that's a reasonable speech for a widow," laughed the officer, "and I think we may as well accept it for the sinner's sake." Then, to his good woman, and fetch it on. Come, boys, a little throat-wetting won't hurt us after our long, dusty ride."

The troopers all hurried pell-mell into the house, leaving only a servant boy with the horses. The widow, with the same composure that marked the presence of mind and cunning of Mrs. Loudon, was not long in procuring a lantern, which she carefully missed the window of his room, cocked and primed, and blazed by his side, and dropped to the ground, without noise and without injury, as the angle of the building which concealed him from the servant. He now retreated a few paces, placed them in his belt, and drew his trusty sword, prepared for action, not for flight. Another volley around the corner of the house, while the soldiers were boisterously calling and laughing within, let fresh his keen eye upon the servant, like a tiger upon his prey. The fellow was holding several bridles, with his back toward Peter, who was thus enabled to approach him unperceived. Suddenly a heavy hand seized the fellow's shoulder, the terrible words were whispered in his ear, thrilling "Away now!

"If you speak, or make the least resistance, I'll serve you as I have the rest, and cut around you; but if you obey me your life shall be spared. Walk straight before me, and lead the horses down to the barn, and there await further orders! Remember I warn you!"

The trembling of the fellow convinced Francisco that he could rely upon him, and that a single minute might be enough to effect his purpose. He therefore gave him his orders, and were quickly turned and led away. The instant they disappeared around the house, he boldly advanced to the door, a cocked pistol in one hand and his terrible sword in the other. He found a passage-way, and two doors opening into glasses, accompanied with rough jests, wicked oaths, and boisterous laughter. Peter tried the latter, and, by the dim light of a candle, counted ten British soldiers seated at a long table in hand, preparing to drink the toast of their leader. A fellow in the uniform of a British officer poles as death, with a couple of trembling wenches by his side.

"Here's a health to good King George, and death to all his enemies, whether they be found openly slanted by the sharp-struck *Sir* a pistol, and the latter pitched heavily forward, shot through the brain.

"Surrender, you villains, and cry quarter, or every one of you shall be sent to place!" thundered the voice of Peter Francisco, as he bounded into the midst of the terrified soldiers, his fearful sword flashing like a meteor before their eyes and around their heads. "Throw down your arms and cry quarter this moment, or, by the Lord that lives, there's not one of you but goes to tell the tale! Guard the door without there, surround the building, and kill every man that attempts to get away!" he shouted, as if addressing a large force, and with a loud cry.

"We've got you, this run in a trap, and you've got to surrender or die!"

Most of the men, taken so completely by surprise, and believing themselves surrounded by a large force, were only too glad to surrender on any terms, and several Americans cried:

"Quarter! quarter!"

"Down with your arms then, villains!" thundered the victorious hero.

All but two complied on the instant. One of them took a shot at Peter, the ball of which just grazed his face and lodged in the wall. The next instant the terrible sword made a flashing circle, and the man's head rolled on the floor, completely severed from the body. The other, the officer, seeing the fate of his companion, offered no further resistance, but, with a quiet grace that his arms in token of surrender.

"Down on your face, traitor!" shouted Francisco; "and the first thief that stirs, I'll kill like a dog!" And as they all complied with his command, he coolly proceeded to gather up their weapons, adding to the business: "Now, good lady, let me trouble you for a piece of stout rope."

Having carefully bound the men, hand and foot, and removed all their arms to a place of safety, Francisco went out to look after the horses. He found all but one—he don't know what became of him—had made his escape. Not knowing how soon another force of the enemy might be upon him, nor have thought it best to depart also. With the aid of two or three of the widow's negroes, a pit was speedily dug, in which, without much ceremony, were placed the remains of the two men he had slain; and then asking their further assistance of his hostess, to make certain of his capture and escape, he hastily prepared for a hundred miles march.

"Surely, my noble friend, you will remain with us till morning?" said Mrs. Loudon, anxiously.

"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the brave fellow, "a woman can be thinking of, when she prefers a cat and a canary-bird to the honor of being his special sympathies. And he goes and makes somebody else, and scissors himself by calling the unutterable fair one "an old maid. Justice pleases—an old maid don't have to say, "I'll ask my husband," every time she is invited to a shopping—she don't have to consult a domestic Blunderer for every sixpence she lays out—she can flirt with whom she pleases, and consult her own taste in the count of her bonnet-ribbons and gloves—and, in short, she are not members of a club—don't stay out late at night, and, in short, she has a thousand little—ing—it is not a thankless task to attend to their

sometimes, when we see a rosy-cheeked, blooming "old maid" dancing the baby for a poor little, sickly, lazy, brow-beaten wife, faded like a piece of thrice-washed calico, who jumps every time the door slams, and never dares to go above her breast in her husband's presences, we wonder which is the better off. Which is the happier? It we were rich enough to consult a gentleman doctor, we would have the question determined, but we can't afford it, and we can't catch us asking a gentleman a single question, for fear we be trimmed, and whether our fellow should be fleeced with trimming or not, is? When we do, we generally find that we have been cheated.

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WELLYS.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[A] On Questions under this head are actually received by us from each man. We state this because we have no "Agony Column," and because frightened some of them to be remembered for answer. Our Correspondents must remember that we have to wait for our turn, according to good luck, and not to the urgency of our anxiety.]

HEBREW.—The names of the nine muses were Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, Urania and Calliope. Their mother was Mnemosyne, or Memory, and their father Jupiter, the god holding a small half opened. Enterpe, the muse who presides over music, holds in her hand two flutes, Thalia, the muse of comedy, was also one of the graces. A Frenchman was named Clio, the abbreviation of Cleophas, and holding a mouth in one hand. Terpsichore, the muse of dancing, appears as a young virgin crowned with laurel and holding in her hand a musical instrument. Erato is the muse of love-verses and pleasing poetry. She is also the muse of odes and hymns, and holds a lyre in her hand. Polymnia, the muse of rhetoric and singing, stands with one hand uncovered as if declaiming, and holds a serpent in the other. Urania, the muse of astronomy, is clothed in a robe of azure color, holds a globe and a compass in the other in pointing out some figure with a stick. Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, holds either a trumpet or a finely-toned parchment. Now, with regard to the pronunciation of Terpsichore, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Urania, Polymnia, Thalia, with the accent on her; Thalia, Thal-ya'-ya, Melpomene, Mel-pom-e-ne, Terpsichore, Terp-sik-o-re, with the accent on pen; Terpsichore, Terp-sik-o-re, with the accent on sik; Erato, Er-a'-to, with the accent on a; Polymnia, Pol-im-nia, with the accent on lym; Urania, U-ra'-ni-a, with the accent on the second syllable; Calliope, Kal-lee-o-pe, with the accent on ee. It is well for young people to commit such matters to memory, as they are frequently used as the names of the great Greek heroes and heroines, and in their scientific terms. Any one can accent as you, and a person may be a fool for all that, who hear him that his only education was neglected. Now, if you have any spare time, try to acquire a classical person as a man and a brother.

PHRENOLOGY.—The passage occurs in Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, Chapter III. The most stained and quoted sentences in the whole writings. "Sir Humphry Davy, as religious orators; as literature advanced, they must be the intelligible preachers; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sank to the office of guides, and finally companions." This is one way of stating the case, but there are many others. It might be said that in the first ages man was to ignorant as to believe everything, then he was taught to believe nothing, and now he is taught to believe only what he can understand. Or, it might be said that man rose to the state of intelligence, broke away into infidelity, and then was bored and vexed, until now a less amount save or setapish, but only instruct and please. In this way you can state the case, but the case is not so.

TEETH.—The nitation of chicks in retail grocery stores is a fraud on the morning. In large stores, where sales are small, Eight dollars is about the average. The hours of attendance are from eight o'clock in the morning to seven, and rarely kept open until nine in the evening, and open as early as half-past six in the morning. In large stores, where sales are employed, and where the employer is a system of the greatest advantage and convenience. Only a small part of the farm is detained in the evening. As to the question of "gentlemanly employment," we have known several Doctors or Misses hours a day, and they will continue to do so until the early closing movement gains the day, or, rather, gains the evening.

RACHEL.—The ejuice, it is now thought by the learned, was not sulphate by Egypt, though the manufacture of Egyptian. In fact, ejuice can be made in a different manner in different parts of the world. In France, Belmarium; in Italy, Wallachian, etc. A German author, we has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject, computing the language and customs of the ejuice-producing countries, has arrived at the conclusion that they are of Most Indian origin. Their Mythology is the same, and, indeed, there is no remarkable Hindoo.

MARIE.—There is no such thing as a husband's being too good to his wife, but there is such a thing as being too fond of her. If a man is a good husband, he is always at his office and evening with it, does her no good, but harm to pick up a habit of spending his evenings at home, as well as his days, and to lose all his acquaintances, and to refuse her improper requests. If you give a child everything it asks for, you will not make the whole household miserable, but you inflict upon it a curse that will follow it through life.

FOUNDERING.—The sale described by you, we presume, is a sale of the reign of Napoleon I. The sale is worth intrinsically about 10 cents, and is probably commanded by the Emperor. The sale of which you speak may have been withdrawn from circulation by Charles X. and Louis Philippe; but this cannot have been the case completely as to render your coin very valuable as a relic. We should think you could dispose of it for 10 cents.

DECIDE.—You can learn to speak French in three months provided you place yourself in a situation where you will be compelled to speak it all the time. If you have a French friend who lives in a family or boat where no English is spoken, it is never spoken. To learn to write French correctly is a much more difficult matter. This requires a year or two.

SARAH.—The duties of a subaltigarsen are to acquire knowledge and experience; to assist in superintending and directing the sewer; to take his turn at the watch; to command boats sent ashore upon minor errands; and to a word, to do every duty that does not involve great responsibility. In action, we believe, a subaltigarsen has command of one or more guns.

ASETAR.—"Bilingual Rhymes" is but another name for "Slang."

SCOTIA.—There is no alleging the marriage of cousins contrary. Many a man and oft hath the Lesson discovered heavenly on this subject; but because still fell in love with one another, and write to ask our gracious permission to marry. We can only say, in reply to numerous epistles, that were consistently ought not to be considered a bar to marriage. Some cousins are alike in temperament and constitution, are in fact as much akin, as brothers and sisters generally are. Such cousins are mad to marry one another. Other cousins, however, have scarcely any thing in common but the same piece of land and the same family peculiarities of temperament and character from different sources. Such cousins are not at all akin, and may marry with a view of consanguinity, it is better to err on the safe side, and not marry. In fact, if the marriage of cousins were made unlawful, no one would probably be the gainer by it.

F. D.—Can a poor boy of fifteen ever become the owner of a good farm?" Most assuredly he can. Let him begin at once to save his money. If he saves twenty-five cents a week he will have thirteen dollars at the end of the year. The second year he will be able to save a little more, and go on increasing till he saves two dollars a week. By the time he is twenty-five, he will have six hundred or seven hundred dollars; which, in the western country, will enable him to get hold of a good piece of land with some improvements on it. Ten years more will increase the value of the place and make a tolerable good productive farm. If you cannot begin by saving so much as twenty-five cents a week, begin with as much as you can, if only five or six cents. The amount, at present, is not important; the great point is to form the habit of denying yourself present pleasure for the sake of a future good.

W. C. M.—A correspondent would that she is "not at home," when she is at home, what can you call it but a falsehood? She only excuses it, when she thinks that it is justifiable. We maintain, that true politeness never requires a falsehood, in the slightest degree of accuracy. You should either see the person who calls upon you, or you should not see them for not seeing him. No one of genuine good breeding will take offence at being told that the lady or gentleman is not at home, when the reason is known to be a good one. Politeness is not a mere fawning get rid of a disagreeable acquaintance. Every one is the age of the world and in this country, should assess it a point to be kind and polite without any thing. The best world will not be found in abundance, but it will be commended for telling it.

MARIE.—Your correspondent is perplexed with the following grave case: "Owes a certain river there is a bridge; on the one side of the river there is a house, on the other a coach, where sit four judges. Those judges decree that all persons who pass over the bridge must pay toll in going and what is his business. If he swears truthfully, he is to pass free; if falsely, he is to be hanged on the gallows. Now, along comes a man who swears that his business is to be hanged on the gallows. What are the judges to do?" What are the judges to do? Why, let them swear the truth, and ought therefore to go free; and if he swears falsely, he ought to be hanged, and ought to be pitied. He must first be allowed to cross the bridge without paying toll, and then be arrested on the other side, and to be permitted to indulge his eccentric taste for hanging.

UNKNOWN.—Of course, we